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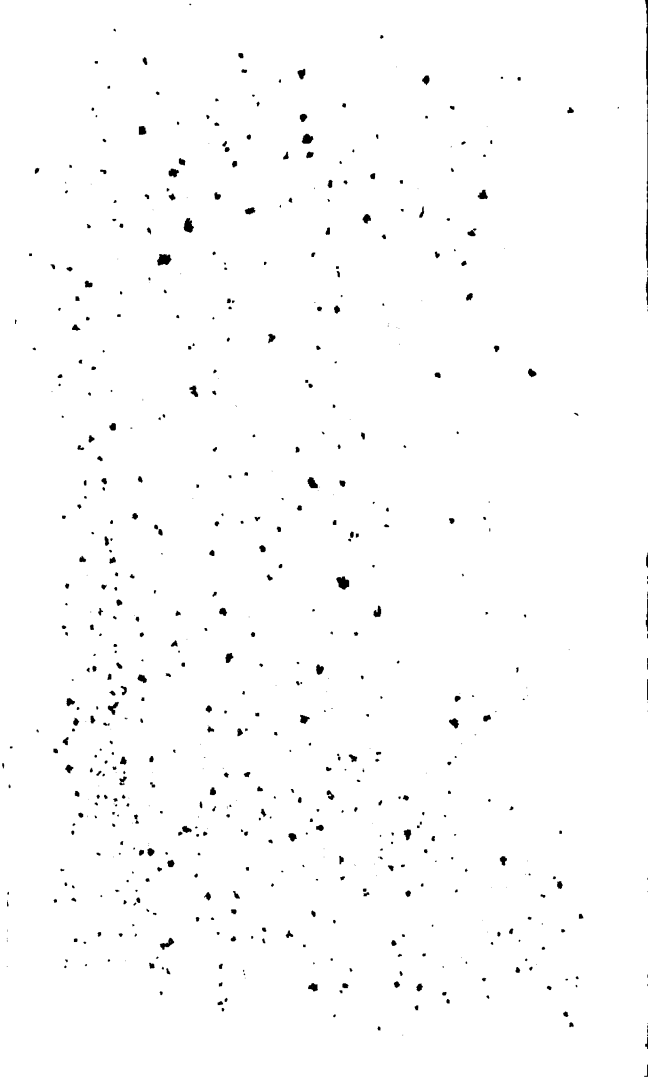

THE

CHILD'S ANNUAL.

BOSTON:
ALLEN AND TICKNOR.
1834.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

For a portion of the contents of this little volume, we have been indebted to a variety of sources. Many of the pieces, however, are original, and we would take this opportunity of expressing our acknowledgments to such writers as have favored us with their assistance. The wood-cuts, it is believed, will be found surpassed in execution by few engravings, which this department of the art has produced in our country. We have endeavored to render the work acceptable, in every respect, to the class of readers, for whom it is designed. If, by a suitable encouragement, we should be flattered into the belief, that our efforts to please have been successful, we hope to come before the youthful public, with superior claims upon their favor, another year.

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THE CHILD'S ANNUAL.

THE FORTUNATE DISAPPOINTMENT.

It was on a pleasant afternoon in summer, that the village school at Cloudville was dismissed, and the boys rushed forth, some to play, and others to return quietly to their homes. The next day was to be a holiday, and various plans of amusement were to be planned for the occasion.

Some of the boys might be seen sauntering arm in arm, with their satchels swung over their shoulders, while others were collected in small groups, and listening to the earnest address of some youthful speaker.

"Now, school-fellows," said William Ray, as he mounted the decayed stump of a tree, "what shall we do tomorrow? Shall we go into the woods after berries, or shall we play at foot-ball, or shall we have a sail on the pond? For my own part, I am willing that you should do what you like,—but I neither care for the berries, nor the foot-ball."

"We will have a sail on the pond," exclaimed half a dozen voices, "hurrah for a sail upon the pond!" And it was decided by most of the boys, that such should be their amusement for the morrow.

Among those who anticipated with most delight the coming holiday, was a young and bright-eyed boy, named Edmund. As soon as he heard of the projected sail, he ran home in the greatest haste, in order that he might obtain the consent of his parents to go with the other boys. His mother told him, that *perhaps* she would permit him to go, if she found out that any older person was going in the boat, and if the weather should be fair and favorable.

Edmund hardly stopped to listen to the last part of her reply. He jumped about the room, clapped his hands, and ran to tell his sister Marian of his expected pleasure. "I shall sail upon the pond," he exclaimed, "and perhaps William Ray will let me catch some trout with his hook and line. And then we shall go on shore, and kindle a fire, and cook the fish, and—"

"Stop, Edmund," said Marian; "what if something should happen to prevent your going?"

"Oh, I am not afraid of that," replied Edmund. "We shall have a delightful sail; don't you wish, Marian, that you were going?"

"I would rather walk in the garden," was the reply.

Edmund continued to talk the whole evening about the next day's sail on the pond. And even when he was snug in his bed, it occupied his thoughts. Once

in the course of the night, he arose, and looked out of the window, to see if there were a promise of fair weather in the sky. The stars shone bright, and the moon was unshaded by clouds, and, closing the window, he returned to his repose, and was soon after in a sound sleep.

The first sunbeam had not brightened the east, before he was up and dressed. He impatiently waited till breakfast was ready, and then rushed into the parlor, and took his seat at the table.

"Well, Edmund, what is your hurry?" said his father.

"Oh, I must be upon the green by eight o'clock," was the reply; "and it is seven now. I would not be too late for the sail, for twenty breakfasts."

"Too late for the sail," said his father; "what sail do you mean, my son?'

"What! have you not heard about the sail that we are going to have today upon the pond? Almost all the boys, whom I know, are going."

"Then, Edmund, they must go without you."

If the pond had been dried up before his eyes, Edmund could not have been more mournfully surprised, than he was by this reply. He looked steadfastly in his father's face for a moment, and then, while his eyes were filling with tears, he inquired, in a broken whisper, "Are you serious?"

"Most certainly," answered his father. "The weather looks uncertain: the pond is deep: the boat is small, and will be filled with boys. It would be unwise in me to let you go. Besides, you have just

recovered from a severe cold, which may be renewed by your going upon the water."

This was a most painful disappointment to poor Edmund, and he could not help expressing his sorrow and regret. His sister Marian produced all her playthings, and tried to soothe him, but she could not win from him a single smile. He stood at the window, looking silently out upon the road, and in a few moments, the party of boys, which he expected to have joined, passed by the house. Some carried baskets in their arms, and others bore fishing-lines, while others were running before, and shouting with joy. William Ray, as he passed, beckoned to Edmund, who hung down his head to conceal his tears. As soon as the boys passed on out of sight, he turned away in hopeless discontent.

Let us follow the boys in their excursion upon the pond. When they arrived at the water's edge, they found that the boat was about a mile distant from the place where they expected to find it. They kept on, however, over rather a disagreeable road, till they came to the boat; and then, after spending an hour in baling from it the water, they put on board their baskets of provisions, and their fishing-lines, and all embarked. A sail was soon hoisted, and a light breeze soon carried them into the middle of the pond. Here they stopped to fish.

The hooks were soon baited and cast into the water, and the young anglers patiently waited for the fish to bite. But though the trout seemed disposed to "nibble gloriously," they appeared singularly indif-

ferent about swallowing the bait. Two tedious hours passed away, and not one was caught.

The boys were so intently occupied in their vocation as fishermen, that they did not notice the approach of a shower, which was blackening over their heads. A flash of lightning first made known to them the unpleasantness of their situation. At this signal, they drew in their lines, and in some agitation tried to hoist the sail. But they found that the wind was too violent to permit them to do this. They had but one oar, and taking it in his hands, William Ray undertook to *scull* the boat ashore, but he had not proceeded far, when a flash of lightning almost blinded his eyes, and a peal of thunder rolling over head, seemed to shake the very hills. In his dismay, William unfortunately permitted the oar to slip from its place, by which accident he was, with it, pitched into the water. All the boys rose from their seats, when they beheld him fall, and in rising, they jolted the boat so violently, that it was upset.

Now all was terror and confusion. Those who could swim were pulled down by those who could not. Some managed to cling hold of the boat, while others seized upon a log, which was fortunately floating by, and thus kept themselves from sinking. Some workmen on the opposite shore had witnessed their misfortune, and, obtaining another boat, now came to their assistance. The boys were all saved from drowning, but there were some who had sunk three times, and in whom life was not far from being extinct. These were carried to a house near the

shore, where they soon recovered. The other boys thought that they had better make the best of their way home. And a melancholy return it was. The rain was pouring in torrents, but this they did not mind much, after their drenching in the pond.

Now let us return to little Edmund, whom we left downcast and disconsolate, because he could not "go with Bill Ray, upon the pond." He wandered about the house for a long while, uttering his complaints to every one who would listen. At last, it commenced raining, and the idea occurred to him that it must be far more unpleasant on the pond than in the cheerful looking parlor, where he was seated. This reflection consoled him, and he began to consider that his father was in the right. Just at that moment the clouds broke away, and the sun looked forth upon the refreshed earth with dazzling splendor. The trees tossed from their leaves the silvery drops. The little birds ventured forth, and welcomed the returning brightness with a song of delight.

Edmund opened the door and stood upon the steps, opposite to the road. Who can those boys be, whom he sees straggling along in that mournful and wo-begone plight? Their clothes are dripping with water. Some are without shoes, and some without hats. Their appearance is both melancholy and ludicrous.

"Can that be Bill Ray?" exclaimed Edmund, as he ran down towards the road. "It is him, sure enough." And he addressed his forlorn friend in terms of condolence and inquiry.

"You look wet, William," said he; "the shower must have been pretty heavy where you were. Did you catch many fish? Come in, boys, and dry yourselves. There is a good fire on the kitchen hearth."

"No," replied William; "we had better return home as soon as possible. We were up — up — up — set in the boat, and the fish wouldn't — bite — and — good bye."

The boys passed on, and Edmund stood looking on them with sincere pity and regret. He felt glad that he had escaped their misfortune, but sympathised with the downfall of their hopes, and the disastrous issue of their excursion. The circumstance did not pass off without leaving on his mind a healthful impression. He afterwards was inclined to look upon his disappointments as happening for his benefit, rather than for his injury, and, whatever event might occur, to console himself with the belief that it was "all for the best."

PLEASANT WEATHER.

'Tis a pleasant afternoon,
Not a cloud is in the sky,
And the brook with quiet tune,
Lazily goes winding by.

On the lēafy chesnut bough,
See that little bird alight!
There! its wings are moving now—
And away it takes its flight.

How the trees all silent stand,
With their covering of green!
And my cheeks are hardly fanned
By the wind, that flies unseen.

See the white and quiet sheep,
Lying on the sunny ground,
Some awake and some asleep,
While their lambs are playing round!

And the cows are on the hill,
Looking down upon the brook,
Idly chewing something still,
With a very stupid look.

And here, mother, Jane, are we,
Sitting on the mossy bank,
Underneath the old oak tree,
Where the sun the dew has drank.

We are idle with the rest,
With the earth and with the sky,
With the sea, whose placid breast
Swells no longer dark and high;

With each happy thing alive—
No, there is a busy bee,
Home returning to its hive,
With wings laden heavily.

Honest creature! toiling on,
When you others idle see,
Truly you the prize have won
For laborious industry!

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

'Twas in the town of Lexington,
Towards the close of day,
An old man sat upon a stone,
Beside the public way;
A staff was in his trembling hand,
His hairs were few and gray.

Before his dim and aged eyes,
A monument arose,
Which told how near that hallowed spot,
Men once had met as foes,
Though now no mark of strife is seen,
And there the bright grass grows.

Three merry boys were at their play,
Not far from the road-side,
And their free utterance of joy
Rang loudly far and wide;
For well they knew no one was near,
To silence, or to chide.

But soon they saw the aged man,
Who sat upon the stone,

Gazing around with quiet look,
Unpitied and alone;
And then they hushed their shouts of glee,
And spake in softer tone.

They threw aside their bat and ball,
And stopped their sports of glee,
And leaping o'er the old stone wall,
Approached — those urchins three—
To where the gray-haired stranger sat,
Beneath a spreading tree.

With eyes now downcast, now upraised,
Before his sight they stood;
As if they had done wrong to break
Upon his solitude,
And were afraid to interrupt
His still and thoughtful mood.

But soon their doubts were cast aside;
He hailed them with a cheer,
And while a smile o'erspread his face,
He told them to come near;
"And what," said he, "my little boys,
From me have you to fear?

"You see that I am old and lame,
Nor full of life like you;
I cannot run, I cannot play,
As you are wont to do;
For mine have been long years of toil,
And troubles not a few."

"Your words are kind, your looks are mild"—
The foremost boy replied—
"And we, I know, have nought to fear,
While standing by your side,—
But why upon that monument
Do still your eyes abide?"

"The tale is old," the stranger said,
"The tale is very old;
And you, my little man, I guess,
Have often heard it told,
And oft will hear it told again,
When death has made me cold.

"But come, sit round upon the grass,
The bright sun has not set,
The soft wind stirs the green, green leaves,
The birds are singing yet;
The wild rose and the sweet briar
With dew-drops are not wet.

"I used to live beside this place,
When I, like you, was young,
And wandered with incautious feet,
The forest-paths among,
Or on the new-mown hay at noon,
My limbs, regardless flung.

"I lived within my uncle's house—
My parents both were dead—
And there with kind and honest care,
In childhood, I was bred;

In virtue's paths of pleasantness,
Accustomed aye to tread.

"One day, upon my uncle's face,
I marked a sudden change;
His brow was bent, his cheek was pale,
His look was sad and strange,
And rapidly, on every side,
His mild blue eyes would range.

"At last he fixed his glance on me,
And, rising, slowly said,
'Bring hither, boy, the gun and pouch,
Which hang above my bed;
And then fetch here the sharpened scythe—
You'll find it in the shed.'

"His orders quickly were obeyed,
And then he turned to me,
And parting from my forehead smooth
The curls that wandered free,
Gazed for a moment in my face,
Then kissed me fervently.

"'And go not hence today,' he said,
'But here at home remain
Till evening, when, if God consents,
I shall be back again—
Farewell, my boy'—and saying thus,
He hurried down the lane.

"But many minutes had not flown
In weary silence by,
Ere sounds of tumult and of strife
Began to fill the sky,
And, mingling with the gun's report,
Came many a fearful cry.

"A thought of danger and of death
Across my mind then passed,
And as I listened to the noise,
My heart beat high and fast:
'Shall I stay here,' I cried aloud —
'The least one and the last?'

"I seized my cap, and hastened forth,
Led onward by the sound,
And ran until at last I reached
An open spot of ground,
Where groups of men with troubled looks
Were scattered all around.

"And o'er a hill, whose sloping side
Appeared not far away,
A band of British soldiers marched,
With plumes and colors gay;
But many of that band, I ween,
Saw not the close of day!

"They had been here, not long before,
With sound of drum and fife,
And with the men of Lexington
Had joined in deadly strife,

And wantonly, and cruelly,
Had taken human life.

" 'Where is my uncle?' I exclaimed,
And gazed around the plain;
Alas, my living uncle's face
I never saw again!
'Look there,' a pitying voice replied,
'Look there among the slain!'

'The night of that eventful day
Saw me alone indeed;
But those who perished in the fray—
They did not vainly bleed!
And that their fate is unforgot,
On yonder column read!

" That day! it lighted up a flame,
Which each true patriot fanned,
Till, after striving long, we rose,
Free from Oppression's hand!
Till Independence was proclaimed
Throughout our native land!

" And now, my boys, my journey hence
Full eight long miles extends,
And I must get to Boston town,
Before the twilight ends;
God's blessing rest upon you all—
Good bye, my little friends!"

THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.

Savoy is a bleak and mountainous country in the south of Europe. The inhabitants are called Savoyards, and are a frugal and contented race.

The young Savoyards often leave their homes to go to Paris, in search of employment. They bid farewell to their friends, and travel on their way on foot. The picture on the next page represents a brother and sister quitting their country and friends.

The Savoyards have ever been distinguished for their love of work, and their scrupulous honesty; and, when taken into the service of the first families of Paris, they have never been known to abuse the confidence reposed in them. Having but few wants, they do not change, even in the heart of the capital, either their mode of living or their coarse garments; they seem to have but one object at heart, which is, to amass, by means of industry, a small sum of money, to carry it back in triumph to their poor families, who often suffer much during their absence.

Among the labors to which these good people accustom themselves, the sweeping of chimneys seems to have particularly devolved on them. These chimney-sweepers generally go out in pairs; one

grown up, for the cleansing of the larger chimneys; the other, much younger, almost still in his infancy, to be able to insinuate himself up the small chimneys of cabinets and boudoirs. This little boy is entirely subject to the authority of the elder one, who exercises over him the absolute power of a master.

It was towards the end of autumn, that Mr Destinval, a respectable merchant of Paris, called two boys out of the street, to clean his chimneys. As the chimney of his cabinet was very modern, and the passage rather narrow, the younger one was desired to go up. The entrance was, as usual, covered with a cloth, to prevent the soot from falling into the room. The little boy having been set to work, the elder one went to clean the larger chimneys in the same house.

Eliza, Mr Destinval's daughter, wishing to hear the song, which the Savoyards generally sing when they have reached the top of the chimney, remained in her father's cabinet; and, attempting to draw aside the cloth, that she might hear him more distinctly, she let it fall. She quickly replaced it, to keep in the cloud of soot, and hastened to wash herself; after which, no trace remained of her foolish trick.

In the mean time, the little chimney-sweeper, having finished his song, came down, and, finding himself alone in the cabinet, called aloud for his comrade, who soon after came in, followed by Mr Destinval and several servants.

When the soot was collected, and the little Savoyard had dressed himself, Mr Destinval, pleased with

his services, and, above all, with his frank manners, gave him a franc, to drink his health; and then he went to assist his comrade to remove the soot in a neighboring room.

Eliza, soon afterwards, entered her father's cabinet, and told him what had passed between the two Savoyards. The younger one had given his comrade the franc, and they were congratulating each other on having had a very good morning. She repeated with minuteness every word they had uttered; for this young lady, though otherwise very sensible and amiable, had a habit of talkativeness, which often bordered on indiscretion, and which her parents had in vain endeavored to correct.

When all things had been arranged in Mr Destinval's cabinet, he could not find some gold buckles, which he had put on the mantel-piece. He was much surprised, and looked everywhere; till, at length, suspicion fell on the little Savoyard.

"Yet," said he, "the frankness of his manner, the joy he testified on receiving the money, all hinder me from believing that he has committed this theft."

Mr Destinval made another search; and Eliza proposed to ask the servants whether they knew anything about the buckles. "Go," said her father; "but take care that you do not express any suspicion; and merely desire the porter to tell the little Savoyard, before he leaves the house, to come to my room, as I wish to speak to him."

Eliza went to execute her father's orders. None had seen the buckles. Each formed a thousand con-

jectures, and felt distressed at the circumstance: for the least trifle which disappears in a house, where there are honest servants, is a real misfortune; the slightest doubt is painful; the smallest suspicion becomes a torment.

Eliza, whose unhappy propensity to chit-chat had often carried her much farther than she wished, forgot at this instant her father's advice; and repeated to several of the servants that the little Savoyard, on coming down the chimney, had been found quite alone in her father's cabinet. She added, that she thought she had perceived a certain air of embarrassement about him, when she entered the apartment with her father; and, at last, even confided to them, under an injunction of the profoundest secrecy, that her father himself suspected the little Savoyard of the theft. She then hastened to give the porter her father's message, and returned to his apartment.

"No," said he; "I cannot bring myself to believe that this poor little boy should have so far forgotten himself! I wish I could be fully satisfied of his innocence! And, if he should be guilty, I shall endeavor, by a severe correction, to save him from the opprobrium, and perhaps from the vengeance, which all his countrymen would inflict on him." He had scarcely said these words, when a loud cry, and the noise of repeated blows, were heard in the court yard, which in an instant collected, not only the different members of the household, but also the passengers who were going by. Mr Destinval opened his window, and beheld the elder chimney-sweeper

beating the poor little Savoyard, who, covered with blows, was protesting his innocence with uplifted hands. Mr Destinval ran down, imagining that the child had confessed the theft, from the deserved punishment of which he had been planning to screen him. His daughter followed him, fancying that the theft had been discovered: but how great was her sorrow, when she heard one of the domestics, seizing the little fellow, cry out, "Yes! here is the little rogue, who has exposed us all to a most cruel suspicion! He shall pay dearly for the distress he has occasioned us."

"Stop!" cried Mr Destinval, making his way through the crowd; "what proofs have you for condemning him?"

"Are they not sufficiently strong, sir, when you accuse him yourself?" replied the servant.

"Who has told you that I accuse him?"

"Miss Eliza! Why should you wish such a little rogue to escape, who has brought us all under suspicion?"

"What! my daughter?" exclaimed Mr Destinval; "have you dared to violate the secret which I imposed on you? No; I protest by my honor, that I did not accuse this child! I felt but a slight suspicion, and was far from supposing that in confiding it to my daughter, she would have made so cruel a use of it!"

The little Savoyard threw himself at his feet, crying bitterly, and imploring his justice.

Eliza, too late, perceived the effects of her imprudence. The servants, greatly incensed, were supported by all the lookers-on, in their vehement demands to have the little thief carried to the police office; when Eliza's maid ran out in great haste, and gave Mr Destinval his gold buckles, which she had found, covered with soot, in a corner of the cloth that had been hung before the chimney while the boy was cleaning it, and which Eliza's curiosity had thrown down.

It is impossible to describe the confusion of the young lady, on being obliged to unite with everybody, in recognising the innocence of the little chimney-sweeper, who at this instant was imploring her pity. She fell weeping into her father's arms, while the servants turned away, ashamed at having so easily given credit to a young lady, who was proverbial for her indiscretion; and the bystanders, as they dispersed, cried loudly against the cruelty of thus chastising the innocent.

The elder boy did all in his power to lessen the pain which he had inflicted on his poor little companion; and Mr Destinval, on pointing out to Eliza the wounds with which the child was covered, exclaimed, "Behold your work!"

"I will endeavor to repair my fault," cried the young lady. "I will myself wait on the little boy, and cure his wounds; and, if you will permit me, papa, I will take him into my service: he shall never leave me."

"I consent, my daughter," said Mr Destinval; "may the sight of him ever remind you that the slightest word communicated and misinterpreted, however pure may be our own intentions, often produces the most fatal effects, and may even perhaps make the remainder of our lives miserable."

MY COUSIN HELEN'S PONY.

All things have a beginning, and so did my horsemanship. One does not start up at once, a Murat, but has to encounter many difficulties before he can become a perfect equestrian. Mazeppa's first essay was upon a wild horse, to which he was bound without saddle or bridle, and loosed in the direction of the Ukraine. He was so displeased with his journey that he exclaimed

> ——— "Ill betide
> The school wherein I learn'd to ride."

My father wished me to begin young, and recommended courage and the circus; I resolved to wait for time and experience, something after the fashion of the little Irish boy, who vowed "niver to go into the warther till he had learned to swim." Cousin Helen and shame led me to break my firm resolve. I paid a visit, during the spring vacation, to Edgeham, the residence of my revered uncle, Halwell. — I remember perfectly the venerable elm trees which skirt the avenue, winding away from the heavy, carved gates, to the massy door of the mansion itself. Edgeham was the delight of all of us. Its master was full of kindness, its garden full of plums. There

was a steady, faithful old man servant, Walter Wray, familiarly termed Old Wat, who had handled a fowling-piece in the revolutionary war, from which he had acquired an upright gait and a scar over the eyes. Our cousins were two high-spirited boys, James and Frank, and Helen, a pretty, quiet girl. I always observed that although James and Frank were very noisy in their boasts, Cousin Helen, on emergency, was quite as brave as they were, though she never spoke of it. Cousin Helen had a pony, of the Shetland breed, but uncommonly slender and pretty. Its color was dapple gray. Cousin Helen rode like a princess, — not that a princess is always a good horsewoman. I admired the looks of her pony, but I was shy of mounting him. Yet when I saw Cousin Helen, in a beautiful riding dress, with her green veil floating backward from her light hat, the color mounting in her cheeks and animation dancing in her eyes, managing the little animal with ease, I thought that her activity and courage seemed to point at my indolence and timidity. The boys were hunting after me, to get my consent to mount, and Old Wat assured me I should soon become a dashing cavalier. I used to screw my courage up as I walked alone in the garden, but I always had an awkward fancy, which continually presented dangers, and I more than once concluded that I should never mount. One day, however, (I shall never forget it,) I passively gave my consent, and was regularly trotted out, trembling like a leaf, and inducted in the saddle. They all crowded round me, and I thought it seemed

as if I were going out of the world, and they had come to take their leave of me. I heard, without comprehending, the directions and advice which were showered upon me from all quarters, and mechanically grasped the bridle when it had been placed in my fingers. I perfectly understood the theory of horsemanship, — with its practice I was unacquainted.

All courage now fled me; I suffered them to push my toes down upon the stirrup, to jam me into an upright position, and to poke the pony. Surefoot, that was his name, set off, and a hurrah arose behind. This was given with the double purpose of elevating my spirits and enlivening my pony. With the latter it succeeded, but it sank my heart ten degrees, at least. Off went Surefoot, like a shaft, and I was afraid that off I should be, and in pretty quick time too. My trembling hands hardly held the reins, — the muscular power of my arms had forsaken them. I had been cautioned more than once to hold the reins together closely, as the buckle which usually fastened them around the pony's neck was broken. I forgot the caution — the reins parted, slipped from my fingers, and fell perpendicularly from Surefoot's mouth. Off went the little animal with redoubled speed. I attempted to scream, but the wild wheezing in my throat only scared the animal. I clung to him with my knees, but he imagined I wished him to go faster, and he did so. I very soon lost my stirrups, which banged against Surefoot's sides, and urged him forward at a yet greater rate. At length, happily as I

thought, a desire of water seized him, and slackening his pace, he trotted into the stream near the old mill, whose heavy, huge wheel was motionless. I there caught the reins, and allowed the animal to drink. He seemed reluctant to leave the water, and while waiting, the mill wheel (it was a tide stream) began to move. The horror-struck pony sprang off, full speed, for home, leaving me in the water. It was not deep enough to drown me, but I fainted with fright.

I recovered in a bed, surrounded by my cousins, whose explanations and accounts fell upon a confused mind. Indistinct images danced through my brain — visions of drowning, — life-preservers, — life-boats — and Humane Societies, — with air-pumps and boat-hooks. But after all, this essay gave me courage, and although it was the first, it was not the last ride I had on COUSIN HELEN'S PONY.

OUR EVENING SAIL.

How happily, at this calm hour,
My playmates, dear, are we;—
Thus sailing in a fairy boat,
Upon a fairy sea!

The lake is burnished, far and wide,
With evening's crimson glow;
And, mild and soft, the cooling airs
Around our shallop flow.

The silver fish leap sportively
Beneath our flashing oars;
And herons wheel their graceful flight
Along the sedgy shores.

'Tis said the dying dolphin's hues
In shifting beauty play—
So evening, on the western sky,
Now sweetly fades away.

Soon will the moon among her stars,
In yon soft azure shine,
And night her darkly-flowing locks
With glittering diamonds twine.

Then let us veer — for we must touch
The pebbled beach in time,
To wander home, before the bells
Have rung their vesper chime!

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

William was the son of a clergyman in the country. At the time when he was eight or nine years old, his father was very ill, and the care of the family and the education of the children rested for the time entirely upon his mother, who was fortunately a woman of very superior understanding, and consequently well fitted for the task.

It was in the month of November that he one day obtained leave of his father to go and pay a visit at his uncle's house, at a few miles' distance. He had a donkey, of which he was very fond. The poor animal was a great favorite with all his brothers and sisters; and though they had often the pleasure of riding it by turns, yet it was never ill-used by any of them, but led a comfortable and happy life.

Well, upon this donkey little William rode when he went to visit his uncle: it was a fine autumnal day, and he had a delightful ride. The chief part of the road was cut through a wood, and William amused himself as he went along in watching the squirrels, which were jumping about in the branches.

When William arrived at his uncle's, he found a large party of boys and girls, beside his cousins,

waiting his arrival; and the day passed so quickly, (as happy days are apt to do,) that it was much later than William was aware of before he mounted his donkey again, and set off upon his return.

His mother, who had been taken up by her attendance upon her husband all day, as soon as she saw the sun declining, began to look out for her little boy; and as he was not yet arrived, she put on her hat and shawl, and went out to meet him. She walked some little distance, but as she could not see him she was obliged to return, as she feared her husband would miss her, and inquire into the cause of her unusual absence; and she could not bear to make him uneasy about William, because the least anxiety of mind would have endangered his life.

It now grew darker and darker, and yet little William did not return; and his mother, who began to be alarmed lest some accident should have befallen him, sent off a servant on horseback to meet him, with orders that he should go on to her brother's house, unless he met little William on the road.

She waited a tedious hour without any relief to her suspense, and at the end of that time the servant returned, and said that Master William had set off two hours ago, and ought to have been at home long before. This intelligence, of course, doubled the alarm of his mother, who now sent every servant out in search of him; and at the same time that she felt herself almost distracted by apprehension, she still concealed it from her husband, and suffered the

shutters to be shut, and the candles to be brought in, as usual; but hour after hour passed, and he was not to be found.

Bed-time arrived, and William's mother, having seen everything done that was in her power to provide for his safety, resolutely determined, for fear of alarming her husband, to go to bed as usual, though she was herself much too unhappy to sleep for a moment.

All this time poor William had lost his way in the wood. He knew the road very well by day-light; but the sun was setting when he left his uncle's, and by the time he got into the middle of the wood it was quite dark; and having taken a wrong turning, he soon found himself in a sort of wilderness, where, though he could just get on through the underwood with much difficulty, yet nothing like the right road could he find. He tried first going a little to the left, and then a little to the right, and then he got off and led his donkey backwards and forwards, still expecting to get back into the road; but instead of this, he only ran up against a great tree, or fell over an old stump of one, or tore his legs in the brambles. So at last he was obliged to give it up, and then he began to feel very much frightened. He was frightened for *himself*, when he thought of staying alone all night in the wood; but he was not a *selfish* child, he did not think only of his *own* distress; the thoughts of his mother and his poor father came into his mind, and putting his hands before his face, he burst into tears.

In a very little while, however, he recovered himself, and drying his eyes, determined to make another attempt to find his way on. This was quite as unsuccessful as before. After wandering about for a long time, he at last came to an open place in the wood: here he stopped, and tried to rally his spirits, by thinking of all the most entertaining things he had ever heard or read of. "Now," thought he, "if I was a wild man of the woods, I should live all my life in such a place as this: or if I was Robin Hood, I should take up my quarters here with Little John, and call to my 'merry-men all' to come and feast with me. But I have neither merry-men to call, nor feast to eat, and it begins to be very, very cold," said he, shuddering from head to foot, and feeling that these fanciful thoughts were not sufficient to entertain him now. "Perhaps I shall die before the night is over," thought he, as the wind whistled mournfully amongst the trees, and the dry leaves pattered down at his feet. "I shall die with cold, and my poor donkey, too, will be starved to death. My father and mother will never see me again: and perhaps they will never know what is become of poor William! And what *will* become of me if I die?"

This awful question, which seldom occurs in full force to so young a mind, carried his thoughts immediately to God, and he knelt down and said his prayers. William had often prayed before, but never with such sincerity and fervor as now. No human being ever addresses himself to God, in spirit and in truth, without finding comfort and support, let his

situation be ever so forlorn and desolate; and little William arose from his knees cheered and animated.

As he raised his eyes towards heaven, he saw the twinkling stars, which now appeared in the sky, and as they shone through the dark branches of the trees, he recollected the pious instructions of his good father; and many of the lessons which his mother had taught him came into his mind, and brought support and comfort with them. He thought of the great and good God who is equally present every where, who "neither slumbers nor sleeps," and to whom "the night is as clear as the day." He repeated the lines he had learned,

> "My noon-day walks he shall attend,
> And all my midnight hours defend."

While he was engaged in these comforting meditations, he heard a noise at a little distance; he listened, and thought it was only the wind rustling amid the branches of the trees; but in another instant he heard the sound of a man's voice, and halloo! halloo! resounded from different parts of the wood. "Perhaps it is a robber!" thought William; but the next instant he considered that a robber would not want to make himself heard; and as he was sure it was much more likely to be some of his father's servants sent out in search of him, he immediately hallooed in return as loud as he possibly could. But poor William had the disappointment of hearing the sound of the voices grow fainter and fainter, till at last they died away in the distance, and he could distinguish them no longer.

As he now gave up all hope, and was almost worn out with fatigue and cold, he determined, with great presence of mind, upon the best plan for preserving his life. He took off the saddle from the donkey's back (who was glad of the relief,) and immediately laid down upon the mossy ground, and repeating the words, "I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest," he stretched himself across the back of his poor donkey, hoping that the warmth of the animal would keep him alive, and in this situation the poor little fellow sunk into a sound and peaceful sleep.

At the dawn of morning, the servants, who had been all night continuing their search, discovered the poor little boy. He was still sleeping in all the security of innocence. They gently raised him up, and wrapping him in a warm cloak, carried him with all speed to the arms of his happy mother.

HYMN.

THERE springs to light no beauteous flower
That speaks not of its Maker's care;
What though it bloom but one short hour?
Its dewy fragrance fills the air.

No mountain pine, amid the sky,
Exalts its storm-defying head,
Unsheltered, when the whirlwinds fly,
By him whose hand their fury sped.

The bee, that stores his curious cell
With the sweet treasures of the rose,
Seems in his happy toil to tell
The fountain whence such bounty flows.

The condor, mightier than the king
Of all the plumed tribes, may soar —
Yet God sustains his rushing wing,
And guides him by the rocky shore.

The dazzling myriads of the stream,
The monsters of the soundless deep,
Beneath his eye may sport and gleam,
Or in their waters safely sleep.

There 's not an object on this earth
Too humble or too vast for him
Who called each insect form to birth,
And clothed with light the cherubim!

THE NETTLE.

A. Oh, papa! I have stung my hand with that nettle.

F. Well, my dear, I am sorry for it: but pull up that large dock-leaf you see near it;—now bruise the juice out of it on the part you have stung.—Well, is the pain lessened?

A. Oh, very much indeed—I hardly feel it now. But I wish there was not a nettle in the world. I am sure I do not know what use there can be in them.

F. If you knew anything of botany, Nanny, you would not say so.

A. What is botany, papa?

F. Botany, my dear, is the first thing Adam ever learned.

A. I do not understand you.

F. Botany is the knowledge of plants; and these were the first things man became acquainted with.

A. Oh, dear papa, tell me how.

F. Man, you know, was created out of the dust of the earth; and when he rose from the ground, he saw himself everywhere surrounded with plants. The rearing of them became his first care, their fruit his

first food, and marking their kinds his first knowledge. Botany, therefore, must have been as old as man's creation; for at that time, the Bible tells us, that "God planted a garden eastward in Eden for Adam, that he might dress it and till it."

A. That is very true indeed;—but did any one else in the Bible ever learn botany?

F. Yes; not only the first man, but the wisest man in the world turned his mind to it.

A. Do you mean Solomon?

F. I do.

A. Did Solomon study botany?

F. So the Bible tells us. He considered the subject with great attention, learned the names and uses of every plant, and discoursed of trees from the largest to the smallest, from "the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth out of the wall." Even our Saviour himself condescended to notice plants, and pointed them out to his disciples to instruct them in the wisdom, power, and providence of God. "Behold," said he, "the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto one of them."

A. Oh, a lily, indeed, is a beautiful flower; and if there were such growing in our fields, I am sure I should not complain of them. But this ugly nettle! I do not know what beauty, use, or instruction, there could be in that.

F. And yet, Nanny, there is more beauty, use, and instruction in a nettle than even in a lily.

A. Oh, papa, how can you make that out?

F. Put on your gloves, pluck up that nettle, and let us examine it. First look at the flower.

A. The flower, papa! — I see no flower — unless you call that cluster of little ragged knobs flowers, which have neither color nor smell, and are not much larger than the heads of pins.

F. Here, take this magnifying glass and examine them.

A. Oh, I see now; — every little knob is folded up in leaves like a rosebud. Maybe there is a flower inside.

F. Try; take this pin and touch the knob. Well, what do you see?

A. Oh, how curious.

F. What is curious?

A. The moment I touched it, it flew open; a little cloud rose out of it like enchantment, and four beautiful little stems sprung up as if they were alive; and now that I look again with the glass, I see an elegant little flower as nice and perfect as a lily itself.

F. Well, now examine the leaves.

A. Oh, I see they are all covered over with little bristles; and when I examine them with a glass, I see a little bag filled with a juice like water at the bottom of each. — Ha! these are the things which stung me.

F. Now touch the little bag with the point of the pin.

A. Oh, when I press the bag, the juice runs up and comes out at the small point at the top; so I

suppose the little thorn must be hollow inside, though it is finer than the point of my cambric needle.

F. Have all the leaves those stings?

A. No, papa; some of the young ones are quite green and soft, like velvet, and I may handle them without any danger.

F. Now look at the stem, and break it.

A. Oh. I can easily crack it, but I cannot break it asunder; for the bark is so strong, that it holds it together.

F. Well, now you see there are more curious things in a nettle than you expected.

A. Oh, indeed, I see that. But you often told me that God made nothing in vain or without its use; and I am sure I cannot see any use for all these things.

F. That we will now consider. You saw the little flower burst open — a cloud rose, you say, like enchantment — and stems spring up as if they were alive. Now all this is necessary for the nature of the plant. There are many thousand plants in the world; and it pleased God in his wisdom to make them all different. Some have parts that others want, and some have different flowers on different stems. Look at that nettle on the opposite side of the road: you see that it is not exactly the same as the one you examined.

A. No, papa; this has little flat seeds instead of flowers.

F. Very right, my dear. Now, in order to make these seeds grow, it is necessary that the little flower

of this plant and the seed of that should be together, as they are in others: but this, you see, is impossible; for they cannot move about like animals, but are fixed to one spot. The wisdom of God, therefore, has provided a remedy for this: for when you touched the flower, the outside leaves immediately burst open; and if you had not done so, they would in time burst open themselves: then they threw out a little fine powder, which you saw like a cloud; this was conveyed by the air to the other plant at the opposite side of the road; and then when it touched the seed, it gave it power to grow, and produce a new plant when the other withered and died away.

A. That's very curious indeed; and I see the use of the little cloud and the flower; — but the leaf that stung me — what use can that be of? There, dear papa, I am afraid I puzzle you to tell me that.

F. God has given to all his creatures some kind of defence that they may protect themselves; and for this purpose the bull has horns, and the nettle stings. But even these stings are made of use to man. — There are certain diseases which require sharp remedies. I am sorry, my love, that you had occasion to know this: for once you were in pain, and your good uncle, the doctor, thought it necessary to put a blister on the part, and under God you got relief. Well, the poor people cannot always get a blister, so they frequently use nettles. They strike the part that is in pain, and the points entering the skin, it presses on the little bags at the bottom, the juice is then forced up and comes out at the point, and

wherever it is left behind it leaves a little blister, which gives great relief to the pain. You remember poor Kitty Watson; she could not sleep with pains in the night, and old Thomas Stafford had lost the use of his limbs; and they both say they were relieved by nettles. But when there is no occasion to use them in this way, and you accidentally stung your hand with them, you found a plant beside them, and the mild juice of the one immediately corrected the sharp pain of the other; so that you see how good Providence is. When the nettle is wanted for a remedy, it removes the pain of the sick; when it is not necessary for that purpose, the dock leaf grows beside it, to heal the pain it may give itself.

A. But some of the leaves would not sting. Are they of any use?

F. Yes, of great use. There are many people in the world who do not think it right to eat meat at some seasons of the year, particularly at a time which occurs in the spring. They therefore make themselves food of boiled vegetables, which they call Lent porridge. As this occurs at a time of the year when any green thing is difficult to be found, the young nettle, which shoots out very early, is used for this purpose; and it is very good and wholesome food.

A. Now for the stalk, papa.

F. You saw how very tough the fibres or strings of the bark were: they are for that reason often used as hemp or flax. There is a plant called hemp-nettle, which the farmers of Yorkshire sow in their gardens for the purpose. When ripe it is steeped in water,

the stem decays, and the bark remains in strings: these are dressed like flax, and the farmers weave them into strong bags, frock coats, and other useful things.

A. Well, I am sure I never thought of such things when I have trampled on a poor nettle; and I am very much obliged to you, dear papa, for instructing me.

F. I would wish to instruct you a little more, my dear child, and on a still more important point. You were angry and impatient when the nettle stung you, and seemed to repine at that which God had made; but you see how good and perfect is the thing you despised and wished had never been in the world. Everything, when examined, is equally a proof of God's wisdom and goodness. He, indeed, has made everything for the use of man; and the Scripture truly says, when he made it, "he saw that it was very good." In this way he creates nothing in vain, but it may be applied to some useful purpose; and not only this, but whatever comes from his hands is most beautiful and curious, and no human being could ever make anything like it. The Bible tells us, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work;" and so does everything else in nature; God is everywhere, and his hand is in all things; you see him in the sun, moon, and stars, which glitter in the sky; and you see him in the humble nettle, which you despise and trample on.

THE INFANT'S EVENING PRAYER.

The day is over, my frolic child!
Thou hast left thy sports of glee;
With looks composed, and with accents mild,
Thou hast sunk on thy bended knee;—
And the moonbeams play on thy hazel eye,
And shine on thy flaxen hair,
While thy voice is raised to the Power on high,
In a simple *Evening* Prayer.

Few are thy words, my gentle boy,
Thou art but of infant years,
Thou canst not tell of the world's vain joy,
Its temptations, toils, and years;
But thou still canst ask from the Lord above,
His protecting grace and care;
And each earthly friend who has won thy love,
Is named in thy *Evening* Prayer.

Ere thy lips could a lengthened sentence frame,
Or utter a perfect tone,
We taught thee to lisp thy Maker's name,
And bow at his heavenly throne;

We bade thee gaze on the bright blue skies,
And told thee his home was there,
And he will not the simple words despise
Of our infant's *Evening* Prayer!

THE FISHERMAN.

A PERILOUS life, and sad as life may be,
Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea,
In the wild waters laboring far from home,
For some bleak pittance e'er compelled to roam!
Few friends to cheer him through his dangerous life,
And none to aid him in the stormy strife;
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare;
Without the comfort, hope — with scarce a friend,
He looks through life, and only sees — its end!

Eternal ocean! old majestic sea!
Ever love I from shore to look on thee,
And sometimes on thy billowy back to ride,
And sometimes o'er thy summer breast to glide:
But let me *live* on land — where rivers run,
Where shady trees may screen me from the sun;
Where I may feel, secure, the fragrant air;
Where (whate'er toil or wearying pains I bear)
Those eyes which look away all human ill
May shed on me their still, sweet, constant light,
And the little hearts I love may, day and night,
Be found beside me safe and clustering still!

AN EPISTLE,

FROM A LITTLE GIRL WHO DID NOT "MIND HER STOPS," BUT WHO SOMETIMES WROTE *capital* LETTERS.

I CANNOT tell you my dear Jane how very delighted I was to receive your letter, and to find that you were returned home on the tenth of next month We are going to have a dance on the water there is to be a nice band and fireworks if it rains We are to have supper in the tent the next morning Mamma will see you safely home so I hope my aunt will let you come and see us the day after our dance All the little girls and boys of the village school are to play in the grounds When you come I will shew you all the shells which we got when we were at the sea-side in Bedfordshire There are many pretty flowers, and trees but we liked finding shells, and sea-weed of which there was plenty upon the hills There were many wild flowers but they were poor things compared to our own Mamma And Papa took us to see some wild beasts upon the outside of a large caravan There was written up "THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF WILD BEASTS SINCE THE DAYS OF NOAH" so we went in and saw the Elephant I expected that it would be just as large a beast as Papa And Mamma

who went in first got up the ladder a Monkey leaped upon her back and put his hands before her mouth to prevent her calling out for help but Papa soon pulled off her disagreeable companion.

The Elephant which we saw first had not room to lie down so he always stood upon the top of his head There was a Monkey sitting quietly cracking nuts who threw the shells at me.

There were also Eagles and Lions and Tigers outside the Caravan There were pictures of beasts painted on canvas which were not inside the crocodile and Rhinoceros and many more which I hoped to see The skin of the Elephant is very hard, he seems very strong and carried his heavy trunk with great ease a mile off From here we went to some gardens in which we saw all our little favorites running about the rocks the Periwinkle, the Bee orchis the Fly orchis and pretty Potentilla on the tops of some high trees There were many large crows nests and the old birds were teaching the young ones to fly and they actually pushed them out of the nests down their throats Papa says the old ones stuff Partridges eggs which they first break with their bills I lately heard a very nice story about the Marmots they make places to live in under ground in the form of a Y and carry moss and hay to line them and when the load is too large to carry in their mouths they make a kind of live cart and one lies on his back and puts up his paws after they have heaped up the hay upon him and the sticks pull him by the tail till they get him to their nests.

We went to a party the other day to see a learned dog his name is Sancho he can tell how many people there are in the room he counts them by eating his master gives him pieces of meat one bit after another and he eats and eats everybody in the room I mean every one but his master thought he would not stop at the right number but he did and would not touch a piece more though his master tried to make him when you come I will tell you more wonderful things about him and about a tame mouse with a long tail too long a tale to put in a letter Mamma thinks I am

Your affectionate Cousin

ELLEN

MY DEAR ELLEN,

I read your note to Mamma, and she laughed very much at it, for she thought you were to have fire-works *if it rained*, and supper in the *morning;* that you had gathered shells on the *shore in Bedfordshire*, where you know there is no sea; and oh! my dear Ellen, it seemed as if you called your Mamma a *wild flower*, and your Papa a *large beast!* I am sure you did not mean to write *that;* but did you really mean to say the elephant stood *upon his head*, and that the learned dog *ate up his own master, and everybody in the room?*

Mamma says I may go and see you on the 10th of next month, when I will take your letter, to show you many more things in it that puzzle us very much. Good bye, my dear cousin, until the happy day!

I am, yours, affectionately,

JANE.

THE GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

"Come, grandfather, tell us a story," said Emma, as she gave the old man a stick, burned at one end, so that he might light his pipe.

"Yes, tell us a story," exclaimed another little child on his right, who was trying to get a place on his knee.

"Well, my little ones," said the old man, "stand quietly till I light my pipe, and then perhaps I will think of something to tell you. There — now one of you sit upon this knee, and the other upon this. And now, Emma, what sort of a story shall I tell you?"

The little girl, who was thus appealed to, replied that "she would like to hear a story about some great city and the pretty sights, which it contained;" for Emma lived in the country, and had never been farther than four or five miles from her home.

"Well," said her grandfather, "I will try to satisfy your wish in part. — Many years ago, there lived, in a house very much like the one in which we now live, a little boy, whose name was Benjamin. His father was an honest farmer, who toiled hard, but was contented with his lot. The trees were very thick on his land, and a great part of his time was

occupied in cutting down the wood with his axe, and clearing the ground, so that he might plant it with potatoes and other vegetables.

"Till his twelfth year, Benjamin was industrious and happy; but one day, he happened to meet in the village with a sailor, who had been far away over the ocean, and had seen many places and tribes of men. He told Benjamin many alluring tales about the distant cities, which he had seen, and spoke so scornfully of the little village, where he then was, that the boy began to be almost ashamed of having been born there. He returned home thoughtful and discontented. 'Oh, that I were a sailor!' he exclaimed; and that night he dreamed about the rock of Gibraltar, and St Paul's Church, in London.

"The parents of the little boy soon perceived an alteration in his conduct, and by questioning him closely, they at last learned the cause of his discontent. He wanted to go to sea. Now this was the last wish, to which they could consent, and they tried to put the notion altogether out of his head. But Benjamin was too eagerly bent upon this object, to mind the advice even of his parents.

"It was a clear night in June. The stars were shining brightly, and the dewy air was still and pleasant. Benjamin opened the window of his chamber, which was about as high from the ground, Emma, as the room in which you sleep. He took a little bundle in his hand, and putting his legs out of the window, he dropped gently to the ground. He stopped a moment, and though about to disobey the

commands of his parents, he could not forbear offering up a prayer for their welfare and preservation. Then wiping a tear from his eye, he walked hastily down to the road, and was soon out of sight of the home of his birth.

"After he had walked several miles, a few streaks of light in the east told that the morning was nigh, and he hastened forward with renewed spirit. At sunrise, he met a man in a wagon, who kindly permitted him to ride with him. He said that he was going to Boston, and Benjamin told him that he wished to go to the same place. So they travelled on together all that day, and at night arrived at the end of their journey.

"Benjamin had never before seen a town like Boston, and he met with many things to excite his surprise and curiosity. But, Emma, you must let me skip over the strange sights which he saw, and tell the rest of his story. He found out a captain of a ship, and informed him, that he wanted to be a sailor. 'Well, my boy,' said the captain, 'the good brig Ocean is to sail tomorrow morning, and you shall go in her. Come along with me.'

"Benjamin followed the captain with a light step, and soon found himself on board the vessel. Every thing here was quite new to him, and when he went down stairs into a dreary place, called the forecastle, and was told that it was the sailor's parlor, he sighed as he thought of the snug litfle chamber, which he had quitted the night before. He slept in a bed suspended from the roof, and called a hammock.

"When Benjamin woke the next morning, nothing could exceed the surprise he felt at his situation. He was swinging in a queer sort of bed, in a close dark place, where it was difficult to tell whether it was morning, noon or night. Directly above his eyes were some coarse beams, and on the floor were several chests piled upon each other. As he attempted to get out of his hammock, he pitched violently forward, and rolled along the floor. He tried to stand upright,—but the floor instantly seemed to slant downward, and throw him off his feet. Poor Benjamin stared around him for some minutes, strongly convinced that he was dreaming.

"At last he became aware of his situation; he was on board a ship, which was sailing away over the wide sea. He thought of his parents, and wept.

"He was suddenly aroused by hearing a rough voice exclaim, 'All hands, ahoy!'—and remembering that it was his duty now to act like a man, he dried his tears and went upon deck. The prospect which met his eyes was bright and refreshing. He might have said in the words of the poet:

'How gallantly, how merrily,
We ride along the sea;
The morning is all sunshine,
The wind is blowing free;
The billows are all sparkling,
And bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins,
The blood is running bright.'

"Our young sailor gazed for a moment with delight around him, and he almost forgot his regret

and his tears. He ran up the rattlings, as the rope ladder, leading up the mast, is called, and began to think, that his choice, after all, was not so bad as it might have been.

"I cannot say that Benjamin continued long satisfied with his choice. He became, what is called, sea-sick, and then the recollection of his home was doubly grievous to him. His food, likewise, was not of the most inviting kind, and he often sighed when he thought of the peaches and pears, which he left ripening in the garden behind his house. But he was so actively employed, that he did not long have time to be sea-sick, or to sigh over his departure.

"In the course of a few weeks, the vessel arrived at Lisbon, which is the chief city of Portugal; and after taking in a cargo here, she set out on her return to America.

"Her voyage was prosperous till towards its close. The good brig Ocean was not many miles from Cape Cod, when she was overtaken by a terrible storm. The waves rose to a monstrous height, and the wind roared wildly, as it rushed over the waters. The sailors were busily engaged in reefing, or tying up the sails, and little Benjamin was high up on the mast, occupied with the rest. A circumstance occurred at this moment, which made a deep impression on his mind. One of his comrades, while in the act of asking Benjamin to lend him his knife, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. The waves passed over him, and he was drowned!

"The storm increased with fearful rapidity; and at

last, the crew were startled by a cry of 'breakers ahead!' A minute afterwards, we were — that is, the vessel was wrecked. She went to pieces fast, and the sailors began to pray to that Being, whose hand alone could save them. Three of the crew were lost, but Benjamin and the rest reached the shore in safety.

"The next evening, at nine o'clock, a little boy might be seen hastening up a lane, towards a small, but neat cottage. He stopped at a window, and looked into the parlor, where a man and his wife were seated by the fire. A candle was on the table, and the two persons seemed conversing. The little boy lifted the window softly, and listened.

"'How lonely we have been, since Benjamin has quitted us,' said the woman; 'do you think there is a chance of our ever seeing him again?'

"'My dear,' replied the husband, 'there is a chance, I will not deny; but I fear it is very small. He probably went on board some ship; and let me see,— it is now six months since he left us. There have been many shipwrecks of late. I hope that the boy is safe.'

"'Would that he might come back to us, with a taste no longer for the sea; but'—and here a long sigh closed the sentence of the forlorn mother.

"Benjamin could restrain himself no longer. Lifting the window higher, he leaped into the room, and stood before his parents. A faint scream from the mother, and an ejaculation of surprise from the father, were called forth by his sudden appearance. But

they were soon satisfied that he had not dropped from the clouds, and fondly embracing him, they asked him to relate his adventures.

"The young shipwrecked sailor complied with their request, and as he finished his narration, he allowed, that his parents had been in the right, and that if he had followed their advice, he should have been spared much trouble and suffering. 'But, mother,' he added, 'it has cured me of a longing, which, perhaps, would have always made me discontented; while now, I can say, speed the plough! a farmer's life for me!'"

"And what became of the young sailor?" asked Emma.

"He kept his word," said her grandfather; "he took to farming in earnest, and labored successfully. He is now something of an old man, and the last I saw of him,—he was holding two little children on his knee, one of whom was asleep, and the other about to follow her example."

"Oh, now I know what you mean," exclaimed Emma; "your name is Benjamin, and you were the little sailor who was shipwrecked. But I want you to tell me more about it—and all about Boston, and Lisbon, and"—

"You shall hear it another time," said her grandfather; "here is your mother with the lamp to put you to bed; and now, one kiss, and—good night!"

FRANCESCO AND HIS SISTERS;

OR, THE LITTLE FOWLER OF TEMPIO.

A TRUE STORY.

Francesco Micheli was the only son of a carpenter, in easy circumstances, who resided at Tempio, a town situated in the north of the island of Sardinia: he had two sisters younger than himself, and had only attained his tenth year, when a fire, which broke out in the house of his father, reduced it to ashes, and consumed the unfortunate carpenter in the ruins. This accident was occasioned by the carelessness of the youngest sister of Francesco, who had been playing with some pieces of lighted paper, and by chance suffered the flame to fall upon a heap of shavings which had been swept up in one corner of her father's workshop.

The blaze spread rapidly over every quarter of the little dwelling; in vain, Micheli exerted himself to arrest its progress. The dry state of the wood of which the cottage was built, rendered it an easy prey to the flames; and whilst the unfortunate man was trying to secure a small box, containing the little savings of many years, the sudden fall of the roof buried him in the ruins, and ere any assistance could

be rendered, life was quite extinct; whilst his wife, having secured the safety of her children, contrived to escape through the flames, but was so much scorched and injured, as to be rendered incapable of any exertion during the remainder of her life.

Totally ruined by this frightful event, the whole family were now left destitute on the world, and were forced to implore the charity of strangers, in order to supply the urgent necessities of each succeeding day. Every morning little Francesco was despatched to seek relief from the numerous friends of his father; but alas! it is but a weak resource, and an uncertain support, which is founded on the commiseration of others. In many instances, he returned unrelieved and disappointed, and the unhappy widow was unable to give bread to her starving children, from the alms bestowed upon their little brother. Francesco had a certain innate pride, which shrunk from asking a favor of another. The least inquiry into his circumstances, the shadow of hesitation, the slightest repulse, or an air of coldness and reserve, disconcerted him at once; and at such times, he could but return to weep and to lament with his unhappy mother.

At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his indigent parent by the extorted kindnesses of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in destitution before his eyes, necessity and tenderness conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity.

He made with lathes, and with some little difficulty, a cage, or aviary, of considerable dimensions,

and furnished it with every requisite for the reception of birds; and when spring returned, he proceeded to the woods in the vicinity of Tempio, and set himself industriously to secure their nests of young. As he was skilful at the task and of great activity, he was not long before he became tolerably successful; he climbed from tree to tree, and seldom returned without his cage being well stored with chaffinches, linnets, blackbirds, wrens, ring-doves, jays, and pigeons.

Even in the most trifling business, one has always need of a companion, and in this, Francesco found his two sisters invaluable assistants; whilst he was abroad in the wood, they sought in the marshes for reeds and bulrushes, of which to make little cages; they fed the young birds which he brought home on his return, and they trained with great care such as they found capable of receiving instruction.

Every week, Francesco and his sisters carried their little favorites to the market of Sassari, and generally disposed of those which were the most attractive and beautiful.

From this source, however, their gains were but trifling; but they wisely considered, that *little* was better than *nothing*, and anything preferable to beggary; and each evening, with cheerful hearts, they brought home their scanty earnings to their poor mother.

The object of all their desires was to be enabled to support their helpless parent, but still all the assistance they were able to procure for her was far

from being adequate to supply her numerous wants. In this dilemma, Francesco conceived a new and original method of increasing his gains: necessity is said to be the mother of invention, and he now meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favorites and songsters.

Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that, by slow degrees, he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets, to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, whom he called "Bianca," suffered the little birds to play all manner of tricks with her; she used to leap about and sport amongst them, whilst they would sometimes peck at and tease her; but on all such occasions, she would merely stretch out her paw and threaten them, but never did she extend her talons, or offer to hurt her companions. He went even farther, for not content with teaching them merely to live in peace and happiness together, he instructed the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part, and after some little trouble in training, each performed with readiness the particular duty assigned to it.

Puss was instructed to curl herself up into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in a deep sleep; the cage was then opened, and the little tricksy birds rushed out upon her, and endeavored to awaken her by repeated strokes of their beaks; then dividing into two parties, they attacked

her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal once appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth her fur, and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction; the birds would play and fly about her, without either fear or restraint; they would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirruping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood.

To see a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds, was a sight so new and unexpected, that when Francesco produced them at the fair of Sassari, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment scarcely knew any bound, when they heard him call each feathered favorite by its name, and saw it fly towards him with delight and alacrity, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers. Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him very liberally; and Francesco returned in the evening with his little heart swelling with joy, to lay before his mother a sum of money which would suffice to support her for many months.

The next undertaking of the little Sardinian was one of more enterprise and singularity still. He found one day a nest containing fifteen young partridges, which he brought to his aviary and began to educate. Five, however, died within a few days, but the remaining ten fully answered his highest expectations. After some weeks of previous training, he

contrived to attach them to little cannons made of brass, and taught them to draw them leisurely along a table. He then drew them up in two files, each girt with a sabre, and the other appurtenances of a soldier of artillery; every bird was taught to stand motionless beside his gun, and, at the word of command, the partridge to the right lit a match at a chafing-dish on the table, and courageously fired off his piece of ordnance. At a second command, the company to the left performed the same exercise; nor were either, after a little practice, in the least degree terrified at the noise which they had created. At a third signal, a few of the little warriors fell over on their side, stretched out their stiffened limbs, and counterfeited death; whilst others flew off, limping, and apparently screaming with the pain of their wounds. The commandant again beat a roll of the drum, and all flying to their ranks, resumed their order, and repeated their ingenious evolutions.

Amongst the feathered pupils of Francesco, however, all were not endowed with equal sagacity and talent; some were intractable and stupid, whilst others betrayed an instinct almost amounting to reason. Of the latter class was one partridge, which he named Rosoletta. She followed him wherever he went, with the attachment of a dog; she hopped after him from house to house, when he walked the streets of Tempio, and flew from tree to tree when he wandered in the woods, and rarely by night or day did she lose sight of her affectionate master. If she disappeared for an instant, a whistle from Francesco

brought her to his side, when she would mount upon his arm, flap her wings, and chirrup with delight.

With a docility by no means common in birds, Rosoletta not only obeyed her instructor herself, but seemed to penetrate his wishes with regard to her companions; and even sometimes ventured to assist him in the education of his more giddy pupils. If a chaffinch, more stupid or mutinous than the rest, put his comrades into disorder, or a thoughtless linnet wandered from the ranks, Rosoletta would instantly follow, and striking the offender with her wing, attempt to keep him in order.

Francesco had once been at great pains to train a beautiful goldfinch, but one morning the ungrateful little bird escaped from his cage, flew to an open window, and reaching the adjoining garden, was seen no more. The little merchant was in despair at his loss; the more so, because he had promised him to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness.

Five days elapsed, and the little wanderer returned not; he had given him over for lost, when on the sixth morning Rosoletta was seen chasing before her along the linden trees, a bird which was screaming at the top of its voice, and attempting by every means to escape from her. Only judge of the surprise of Francesco, when he saw his truant beauty driven on and guarded by the faithful partridge! Rosoletta led the way by little and little before him, and at length seated him in apparent disgrace on a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph at her success.

Francesco was now happy and contented, since by his own industry and exertions he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn from them by a very grievous accident. He was one evening engaged in gathering a species of mushroom, very common in the southern countries of Europe, but not having sufficient discrimination to separate those which are nutritious from those that are poisonous, he ate of them to excess, and died in a few days, along with his youngest sister, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply.

During the three days of Francesco's illness, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed; "some," says the Abbé Reperonci (an Italian, who recounts his story,) "lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backwards and forwards above his head, a few uttering brief and plaintive cries, and all, in fact, taking scarcely any nourishment during his sickness."

Dying as he was, the affectionate child could not avoid being sensible of the attachment of the little companions whom he had instructed with so much care. He never once betrayed any uneasiness for himself; but often and bitterly did he weep for his mother, and exclaim from time to time, "alas! who, when I am gone, will support my desolate mother, or tend my neglected birds?"

None of his feathered favorites manifested on his decease such real and inconsolable grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin she

flew round and round it, and at last perched herself upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her, she still returned, and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the place of graves.

During his interment she sat upon an adjoining cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. Whilst she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of an adjoining chapel, which looked upon his grave; and here she lived, and here died, about four months after the death of her beloved master.

The tomb of Francesco is yet to be seen in Sassari; and the burial-ground where he lies, is still called "the Cemetery of the Little Fowler."

THE VOICE OF GOD.

"I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid."

Amidst the thrilling leaves Thy voice
At evening's fall drew near;
Father! and did not man rejoice
That blessed sound to hear?

Did not his heart within him burn,
Touched by the solemn tone?
Not so! for, never to return,
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, midst holy stream and bower,
His spirit shook with dread,
And called the cedars, in that hour,
To veil his conscious head.

Oh! in each wind, each fountain's flow,
Each whisper of the shade,
Grant me, my God! thy voice to know,
And *not to be afraid!*

HENRY OF NEMOURS;

OR, THE IRON CAGE.

About the year 1480, there reigned in France a king called Lewis XI., who was greatly disliked by his subjects on account of the cruelty of his disposition, so much so, in fact, that his own brother, the Duke of Guyenne, entered into a conspiracy, along with certain other persons, to deprive him of the crown: one of the principal assistants of the duke in this unnatural undertaking was James of Armagnac, a nobleman of Languedoc, and constable of the kingdom of France. Before, however, their designs could be carried into effect, the Duke of Guyenne was poisoned in consequence of eating of some fish, which were presented to him by his confessor; and the lord of Armagnac, attaching himself anew to the party of the Dukes of Britany and Burgundy, they called to their assistance the arms of the English, who had been all along the hereditary enemies of the French. Their designs were on the very point of being carried into execution, when Louis was privately informed of their intentions, and James of Armagnac, having been taken into custody at a

moment when he least expected it, was beheaded by order of the government.

This vigorous measure was no doubt dictated by prudence and good policy; but the enormities with which it was accompanied, and the cruelties inflicted on the unoffending offspring of the constable after his decease, have served to brand the name of Louis XI. with well merited infamy. The unfortunate nobleman left behind him two children; the eldest, Henry, being about eight years of age, and his brother Francis scarcely seven, at the period of their father's death. During the time of his execution they were, by order of Louis, both clothed in white robes, and led beneath the scaffold on which their parent was to suffer, in order that his blood might flow upon their innocent heads; and when all was over, they were conducted by the guards of the king to the Bastile, (the common prison of Paris,) and there strictly confined, by the instructions of the barbarous monarch.

During their residence in this miserable abode, it is scarcely possible to conceive sufferings more exquisite than those which were inflicted on these helpless children. Indeed, were the facts not well attested by history, it would be difficult to credit the accounts which have reached us of their inhuman treatment.

By the directions of the king, two iron cages were suspended from the roof of their apartment; they were low, and of a conical shape, something like a tunnel, and so constructed that the little prisoners could neither lie down, stand upright, nor sit within them. In these they were accordingly enclosed, and,

as may be conceived, from morning till night their pain was most acute; they could not possibly remain long in one position; and when they changed it for another, that became in a few minutes equally painful: by day they had no relief, and by night neither rest nor sleep; and their time was almost all spent in weeping for their father, and bewailing the sorrows of their afflicted mother, from whom they feared they were now separated forever. Their only solace arose from being confined in the same room, and their cages being hung so closely together that they could converse with and even touch each other. Henry, the eldest, was a fine manly little fellow, and all his efforts were directed to console his poor little brother, who was much weaker and more delicate than himself.

Their only source of amusement, if, in such a situation, anything could be called *amusement*, was the gambols of a little mouse, who used to descend from the ceiling into the cages, and eat the crumbs which were left from their scanty repasts. He came, day after day, till he at last grew so familiar as to become quite a companion, and play for hours with the poor little boys without being in the least afraid of them. As evening came on, it used to end its welcome visit, and retire to its nest in the ceiling.

In this manner the two brothers spent some months, without however being permitted to see, or even hear from their mamma, and scarcely knowing whether she were still living. And at length, such is the force of custom, they were beginning to grow inured to their

lot, and to suffer less pain from their confinement, when the cruel king, understanding such to be the fact, gave orders that a tooth should be drawn from each of the unfortunate children every eighth day.

No sooner was the command issued, than the surgeon of the prison arrived, to put into execution this new barbarity; and having stated his orders, he was about to commence with Francis, when Henry, regardless of his own sufferings, threw himself upon his knees, and with tears implored him not to add to their distress by fulfilling this cruel mandate. "My mamma," said he, "will die with sorrow, should she know that you have inflicted any injury on my poor little brother."

The person appointed to perform the barbarous office, represented to the affectionate child, "that in complying with his entreaties he should run the risk of losing his own life; "and beside," said he, "I am so narrowly watched, that I must of necessity produce the two teeth to the king." "Oh! then," replied Henry, "let me implore you to take them both from me, and to spare those of my brother; for I am very strong, and can endure the pain, but poor Frank is so weak and so young, that I know it will kill him."

Struck with such a display of brotherly affection, the surgeon, who was not in reality a cruel man, could not refrain from tears. His first idea was to renounce altogether a commission so revolting to his feelings; but this notion he quickly abandoned, on considering that a successor would be found who might not be

induced to spare the younger child, who was in reality, too delicate and weak to undergo the operation. He therefore acceded to the wishes of Henry; and arming himself with courage, absolutely extracted the two teeth, and bore them to the king.

Henry uttered a faint scream when the teeth were about to be extracted, but in a moment after, he declared that he was content to suffer for his brother; whilst the poor little Francis, on his part, could only weep, and lament the agony which the affectionate boy was undergoing for his sake. For many weeks the torture was repeated at stated periods, and the young Duke of Nemours (for that was the title to which Henry was the heir) absolutely paid to his last tooth, the penalty demanded of him and his innocent companion.

In the mean time, this excellent and courageous child could not long resist the evils which were pressing upon him. The want of air, of exercise, and those attentions requisite at so tender an age — the heart-rending recollections of the fate of his father — his sorrowful separation from his mother, and the continual pain which he endured; all conspired to produce decline; a slow fever ensued; it gained upon, and consumed him by degrees; and the innocent victim of so much barbarity, descended in a few months to the grave.

On the evening of the last day he lived, he said to his brother, "My dear, dear Frank, I am about to leave you forever. Oh, that I could but see my dear mamma before I die; but alas! I shall never behold

her again. But my heart tells me that you will, ere long, be restored to her; and oh! when you do see her, tell her, that when dying, I loved her far more dearly than when we were all so happy together." A sudden spasm seized him, from which he only sufficiently recovered to utter these words: "Give me your hand, my dear Frank, and let me feel mine clasped once more in yours." These were the last words of this model of fraternal affection, and in a few minutes more he closed his eyes forever.

The presentiment which he had formed, and to which he gave utterance in his last moments, proved correct. Little Francis survived under all the agonies of his situation; and Louis XI. having died some time afterwards, this last scion of the Dukes of Nemours was set at liberty by Charles VIII., his successor. During the remainder of his life, however, he continued bent and deformed, in consequence of his privations and sufferings in the Iron Cage.

At the period of the revolution in France, in 1789, when the populace of Paris assaulted and destroyed the Bastile, in one of the apartments were discovered the two cages in which Henry and Francis had been so long confined: they were constructed with the utmost ingenuity, and admirably adapted to fulfil the cruel purpose for which they were intended; but the mob having torn them down, dashed them into a thousand pieces, with just and generous indignation.

THE OLD HORSE.

"No, children, he shall not be sold;
Go lead him home, and dry your tears;
'T is true, he 's blind, and lame, and old,
But he has served us twenty years!

"Well has he served us — gentle, strong,
And willing through life's varied stage;
And having toil'd for us so long,
We will protect him in his age.

"Our debt of gratitude to pay,
His faithful merits to requite,
His play-ground be the heath by day,
A shed shall shelter him at night.

"In comfort he shall end his days!
And when I next to market go,
I 'll cut across the shortest ways,
And set out earlier home, you know.

"Of kindness to the laboring horse,
How finely did the parson speak!
And what we hear at church, of course,
Should make us better all the week.

"We all are by the Bible taught
To pray for mercy every day;
We do, I trust — then sure we ought
To practise that for which we pray.

"A life of labor was his lot;
He always tried to do his best:
Poor fellow! now we 'll grudge thee not
A little liberty and rest.

"Go then, old friend; thy future fate
To range the heath, from harness free;
And just below the cottage gate,
I 'll go and build a shed for thee."

THE GOAT IN THE WELL.

One fine evening, after a hot summer's day, a goat left his shed, where he had been put up for the night. He wished to take a walk and enjoy the delicious coolness after sun-set. The moon was shining bright, and the sky had not a cloud over it. The goat rambled through several fields, leaping over the hedges and ditches with great pleasure, until he came into a farm-yard.

In the middle of this farm-yard was a well. The lid of it was off. The goat came close up to the edge of the well and looked down. He saw something round and bright in the water at the bottom. It was the reflection of the moon that was shining in the sky. But this the goat did not know.

"What a curious round bright thing that is at the bottom of this hole," thought he. "What can it be? I should like much to know what it is." So he walked round the edge of the well, trying to discover which would be the best way to get down the hole and so reach the wonder.

At one side of the well stood the bucket that was used for the purpose of drawing up the water.

The goat was charmed. He thought this bucket would make a fine carriage, and he pushed it off the ground. He saw the rope by which it was held begin to unwind, and the bucket itself begin to go down. "Ah!" thought he, "this is just the thing. I will jump in and go down, and satisfy myself as to what that bright thing is."

Silly goat! in his eagerness to gratify his curiosity, he never thought of the way in which, when once down, he should get up again. So in he sprang, and down, down, down, went the bucket, and then splash it went into the cold water.

The sudden dash into the water quite frightened him. The bucket was in a moment half full of water, and the goat found himself wet and cold.

He began to "na-an, na-an," piteously. The bright round thing which he had come after was gone; and all that he had got as a reward for his curiosity was a seat in a narrow bucket half filled with cold water. He looked up. There shone the full clear moon. At first he thought that the bright round thing had moved. But afterwards he began to grow rather more wise. At last he felt quite sure that what he saw in the sky was the moon, and that it was the reflection of the moon that he had seen in the water of the well.

What could he do? He could not get the bucket up again. He was cold, and wet, and hungry. Bitterly did he repent his imprudent curiosity. He could only bleat "na-an, na-an," as loud as possible.

Presently a cow which was in the farm-yard,

hearing such a continued noise, came to the side of the well and looked down. She saw at the bottom of the well a pair of large horns, two bright eyes, and a long beard hanging from beneath a chin.

"Na-an, na-an," bleated the unhappy goat.

"Moo, moo," lowed the cow, and then she walked away.

Next came the cock to see what was the matter. He, too, could only see the horns, and eyes, and beard just above the bucket. He looked a minute, and then with a loud "cock-a-doodle-do," strutted off.

Poor goat! he was quite in despair, when he saw a sheep peeping down at him. She answered his bleating by a loud "baa." But the sheep could no more help the goat than the cock or the cow could—so she walked away also.

The goat was a long time down in the well; and was visited by a horse, a pig, and a donkey. They could only neigh, grunt, and bray; none could help him.

The noise in the farm-yard at last aroused the house dog, who shaking himself up from the straw he was sleeping on, ran to the well. He looked down, and saw the two horns, the bright eyes, and the long beard; and the heard the sad "na-an, na-an," of the miserable goat. He barked "bow-wow, bow-wow," and away he went full speed to the kitchen of the farm-house, where his master was seated eating his supper. He barked loud, and pulled his master's coat with his teeth.

"Down, Spring, down," cried the man.

"Bow-wow-wow," barked the dog, tugging at his master's coat harder than ever.

"What is the matter, old fellow?" said his master.

Spring whined, ran to the door, came back, pulled the coat, and plainly made his master understand that he wanted him to go out into the farm-yard for something.

"There must be something the matter," said the man, "to make this dog so uneasy. I will go and see."

So up he rose, and the dog showed his pleasure by jumping and barking. He followed the dog, who led him straight to the well.

The man looked down, and saw the horns, the eyes, and beard of the goat. "What brought you here, you silly goat?" said he, taking hold of the handle of the windlass, and beginning to wind up the bucket. Round, round, round went the rope, till the bucket came up to the top, and out leaped the shivering goat. Away he ran as fast as his legs could carry him, never, again, to venture into a well. Indeed, it is to be hoped that, after so much fright and danger, he never would venture into any place until he was certain that he should be able to find his way out again.

The man praised the dog and patted him, and gave him a bone for his trouble. The dog returned quite happy to his kennel.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT FOR THE FAIRIES.

Ah! where are all the fairies flown?
  Why ceased their merry reign?
We 're all so dull and solemn grown,
  I wish they 'd come again;
Mid lawns and bowers, when daylight 's done,
  Once more to dance and play; —
There never has been any fun,
  Since fairies went away!

You weary me, — you tiresome doll!
  You cannot speak or walk;
A fairy's wand, my good Miss Poll,
  Would soon have made you talk!
Then you and I, so merrily,
  Had sported all the day:
But now, oh dear! that cannot be,
  The fairies are away.

Now, there are none of them to ask
  For water from the well;
No diamonds now reward the task,
  As Mother Goose doth tell;

No toads the naughty lips disgrace,
That say a sulky nay;—
This world is quite a stupid place,
Now fairies are away.

We cannot meet them at a spring,
When drawing water out,
For water to our doors we bring,
By leaden pipe or spout.
One still finds toads; I 've seen them crawl
About at close of day;
But diamonds,—none; *they* vanish'd all
When fairies went away.

There 's puss sits purring by the fire,
Or chases mice and rats;
The stupid thing! I do so tire
Of these dull, common cats!
A cleverer one my fancy suits,
Who can do *more* than play;
But, ah! there is no Puss in Boots,
Since fairies went away.

The bean-stalks in our gardens all,
How widely Jack's outshone 'em;
Ours grow so slowly — never tall, —
And nought save beans upon 'em;
No wealthy giants at the top,—
No gold,—no harps to play,—
We 'll ne'er see such another crop,
Now fairies are away!

And books — and maps — and lessons — ah!
They 're fit to bend one double;
A fairy for one's godmamma,
Would save one all the trouble.
Quite wise without instruction, she
Could make one in a day;
But now — there 's no such luck for me!
The fairies are away.

Farewell to fairy finery!
To fairy presents rare;
No slippers made of glass have we,
As Cinderella's were;—
Nor pumpkin coach — nor coachman raf—
Nor lizard footman gay;
Nor steeds — those mice that feared no cat —
Now fairies are away.

They meet no longer by the light
Of moonbeams 'neath a tree;
Why! one might walk abroad all night,
And not a fairy see!
One would but catch a cold or fever,
Before the dawn of day;
And these are things that happened never,
Till fairies went away.

Farewell to all the pretty tales
Of merry Elfins' dining
On mushroom tables, in the dales,
Lit by the glow-worm's shining;

And tripping to the minstrel gnat,
His jocund measure singing,
While o'er their heads the lazy bat,
A silent flight was winging.
Farewell! like theirs, my song is done;
But yet once more I 'll say—
There never has been any fun,
Since fairies went away.

THE SOLDIER'S DOG.

An Italian soldier once had a favorite dog, named Tofino, who followed him in all his marches, and would rarely be absent from his side. When the soldier was obliged to keep guard as a sentinel, the dog would be with him, and share every privation, which he had to undergo. They lived in the city of Milan. In the year 1812, Tofino's master marched with his regiment many hundred miles from his home, and the dog followed him. They had to cross very high mountains, where the cold was severe, and the ground often covered with snow; but Tofino never turned back. Even in the hour of battle, he was near his master, and unfrightened by the noise of the cannon and the confusion and smoke everywhere around him. The regiment marched as far as Moscow, for they belonged to the army of the great Napoleon, and it was at the period of his fatal Russian campaign. The city of Moscow was destroyed by fire, and the army was obliged to retreat. Tofino followed his master through dangers and through suffering, with his usual fidelity. But when the regiment attempted to cross the river Berezina, many thousand men were lost, and among the num-

ber that perished was the master of Tofino. Amid the terrible confusion and dismay of the soldiers, the poor dog had been separated from his master, and was not near him when he was drowned.

Tofino reached the opposite bank in safety, and lingered there for some time, barking and moaning as though he missed somebody. But he was afterwards seen trotting after the regiment of his lost master, and so he continued to be seen day after day, and week after week, keeping up with the retreating soldiers, and always close to those who wore the uniform of his unfortunate master. He would not attach himself to any one person, but would look out for the greatest number of his master's comrades, and follow them. In this manner he travelled more than two thousand five hundred miles, till at last, in the year 1813, he entered the city of Milan, in the rear of a small body of the regiment. How this poor Italian dog had travelled through regions and swam over freezing rivers, where the very horses of the country had died, was a marvel to all who witnessed the retreat.

As soon as he was within the walls of Milan, Tofino went directly to the barracks of the regiment, and after waiting there some time, he trotted to the sentry-box, where he had so often mounted guard with his master — and he never more moved a hundred yards from it! The first two or three days he was heard to howl and moan, but this sad mood passed, and he occupied his corner in the sentry-box in silence.

Tofino was kindly treated by the soldiers and the inhabitants of the city; and after living a year or two in quiet, he died "honored and lamented."

This dog had nothing attractive in his outward appearance. He was rough-haired and clumsily built, and from looking at him, no one would think him capable of such fidelity and affection. This fact may help to prove, that if, "it is not all gold which glitters," it is not all dross which does not shine.

HEALTH PREFERABLE TO RICHES.

Little Martin was a poor boy, who gained his living by going on errands. One day, as he was returning from a village very far from his own, he found himself much fatigued; and, sitting down at the door of the little inn, he procured a small glass of beer and a piece of bread.

While he was taking this humble refreshment, a young gentleman and his tutor stopped in a carriage at the door of the inn. They were elegantly dressed, and followed by servants on horseback.

The inn-keeper immediately came to the door, and asked if the travellers would do him the honor of alighting? This, however, they declined; and, without getting out of the carriage, they regaled themselves on part of a cold fowl and some wine and water, which were brought to them in an instant.

Martin, having now finished his little repast, fixed his eyes upon them with much attention, and looked as if he would say, "Those gentlemen are making a very good dinner, and I have had a very bad one."

The tutor, having accidentally cast his eyes upon little Martin, guessed his thoughts, and said to his pupil, "Look how that little boy's eyes are fixed

upon us, I imagine that he says within himself, 'I wish I were in that young gentleman's place.'"

"Well," said the youth, who, though extremely unwell, was of a gay temper, "let us make the proposition, for a moment, of changing places with me."

The tutor immediately beckoned Martin to the carriage, and said to him, "Seeing how attentively you look at this young gentleman, it appears to me, my little friend, that you would like to be in his place. Will you change with him?"

"Ah, Sir," replied Martin, "you are in jest: but, if the young gentleman be willing, it shall soon be done. Ah, ha! what a gainer I shall be by my journey! Our neighbors will be confounded, when they see me return home this evening in a fine carriage!"

"I take you at your word," said the young gentleman; "I am going to resign to you my carriage and my horses. And I engage to give you everything that you have not; provided that you, on the other hand, give me everything that you have, and that I want."

Martin having agreed to these conditions, the young traveller called his servants, and desired them to assist him in getting out of his carriage.

Alas, what a sight! The legs of the amiable invalid were completely crooked, and incapable of supporting him. He was therefore obliged to be held by the servants till crutches were brought on which he propped himself.

"Now," said he, to little Martin, "have you still an inclination to change with me?"

"O dear, no, Sir! I have no such wish," cried Martin, retreating from one who no longer excited his envy; "No, I do not wish to change. The health which I enjoy, and the use of my limbs, are of more value than anything you can give me. I had rather eat my dry bread, and not want any body to help me to walk; and I had rather be without poultry and wine, than be carried like an image. Good afternoon, Sir," added he, and immediately ran homeward.

"You are right," cried the young gentleman; "if you could only give me your legs, I would cheerfully strip myself of all that I possess in the world to give you in return."

So true it is, that a poor person, with a good constitution, and well made, enjoys more true happiness than the most wealthy individual, who is a stranger to the blessings of health and strength. It must, therefore be acknowledged that health is preferable to riches.

THE LOST LAMB;

OR, THE CHILD SAVED.

Morn rose upon the purple hills,
In all his pomp display'd;
Flash'd forth like stars a hundred rills,
In valley, plain, and glade.
The foaming mist, day's chilly shrine,
Into the clouds upcurl'd,
Forth broke in majesty divine
The Grampians' giant world.

It was a glorious sight to view
Those mountain forms unfold, —
The heavens above intensely blue,
The plains beneath like gold.
Day woke, a thousand songs arose,
Morn's orisons on high,
Earth's universal heart o'erflows
To Him beyond the sky.

The shepherd roused him from his sleep,
And down the vale he hied,
Like guardian good, to count his sheep,
His *Firstling* by his side.

His Firstling! 't was his only child —
A boy of three years old,
The father's weary hours beguiled
Whilst watching o'er his fold.

And many an hour the child and he
Joy'd o'er the vale together;
It was a lovely thing to see
That child among the heather.
The vale is pass'd, the mountains rear
Their rugged cliffs in air,
He must ascend to view more near
His distant fleecy care.

"My child! the flowers are bright for thee,
The daisy 's pearl'd with dew;
Go, share them with the honey-bee,
Till I return for you.
Thy dog and mine with thee shall stay
Whilst I the flock am counting," —
He said, and took his tedious way,
The hilly green-sward mounting.

O'er crag and cliff the father toil'd,
Unconscious pass'd the hours:
He for a time forgot the child
He 'd left among the flowers.
The boiling clouds come down and veil
Valley, and wood, and plain;
Then fears the father's heart assail,
He will descend again.

Morn melted into noon, and night
  Dark on the shepherd shone,
Terror in vain impels his flight,
  His child! — his child is gone!
He calls upon his darling's name,
  His dog in vain he calls;
He hears nought but the eagle's scream,
  Or roar of waterfalls.

He rushes home — he is not there —
  With agony and wo;
He hunts him in the cold night air,
  O'er hill and vale below.
Morn rose — the faithful dog appears,
  He whines for food so mild,
The father eyed him through his tears,
  And said, "Tray, where 's my child?"

Thrice rose the morn — the father's heart
  With grief was almost dead;
But every morn the dog appear'd,
  And whined and begg'd for bread.
Yet through the night and through the day,
  The dog was never seen;
"He is not wont to stay away,
  Where can the dog have been?"

On the fourth morn this faithful friend,
  As usual whined for meat;
They mark the way his footsteps tend,
  And follow his retreat.

They watch him to a cave beside
The Grampians' craggy base;
Behold! the shepherd's wandering child
Within the dog's embrace!

He springs — he weeps away his cares,
He cries aloud with joy;
He kneels, he sobs to Heaven his prayers,
For his redeemed boy.
Then, turning, hugs his favorite hound,
The trusty, true, and bold,
By whom was saved, through whom was found
The *firstling* of his fold!

SHALL A LIGHT WORD PART US?

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chesnut trees
In infancy we play'd.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laugh'd at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.

The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been *sad* together —
Oh! what shall part us now?

ELECTRICITY.

"WOULD you like to see something quite new to you?" said Mr Elwood to his children, as he placed a mahogany case on the side-board, and sat down at the table where they, with their mother, were seated.

"Yes! Oh, yes, papa!" each of them eagerly exclaimed. Their kind father then took something from his pocket, rubbed it on a piece of woollen cloth, and immediately after, held it over some small pieces of paper and bits of thread, when they flew towards it, and adhered to it for some time. To Frederick and Emma this was not only new, but puzzling; they could not conceive how it was done, nor were they much wiser, when, on asking Mr Elwood what it was he held in his hand, he answered, "A piece of amber."

With the concern so often manifested for their pleasure and instruction, he gave them some account of the science of electricity, which arose out of observing the effect he had thus produced. With this, and a few other things like it, the ancients were acquainted; but they knew not that they were the results of a power pervading all material bodies, and extensively concerned in all the operations of nature.

Having stated this, he remarked that it was only by slow degrees this knowledge was acquired. The first step to arranging these facts was made by Dr Gilbert, an English physician, who in the year 1600, published a treatise on the magnet, in which he declared that several other bodies besides amber — such as the diamond, and many other precious stones, glass, sulphur, sealing-wax, rosin — can, by friction, or rubbing, be made to attract light substances; and he was thus led to discover a property common to them all. The Greek name for amber being electron, the bodies having it were called *electrics*, and the power they manifested was termed *electricity*. The observations of Newton, Boyle, and others, contributed in some degree to a knowledge of it; but, until the eighteenth century, little, comparatively, had been accomplished. He then informed them that a person named Hawksbee invented what is called an electrical machine, so that large supplies of electricity might be procured, and that others improved it, in which there is an electric, like the piece of amber — a rubber, like the piece of cloth — a conductor, to draw off, as it were, the electricity, produced — an insulator on which the person or thing to be electrified is to be placed, and some machinery for setting the electric in motion. The delight of the children was, however, greatly increased when he took out of the mahogany case a small electrical machine — set it in action — placed them one by one on a stool with glass legs — told them how they might discharge or let off a Leyden jar, that thus they might partake of its charge of

electricity, and standing on the ground, drew sparks from them by touching them with his knuckles!

E. Why, papa, I see you get from the conductor sometimes a stream of *little* lightning.

Mr E. Dr Franklin has proved that the electrical property is in lightning.

F. How, papa, did he do that?

Mr E. He entertained the idea for some time before he had a favorable opportunity of trying its truth. A spire, however, was about to be erected in Philadelphia, which he thought would enable him to make the experiment, but, one day seeing a boy flying a kite, it suddenly occurred to him that here was a method of reaching the clouds preferable to any other. Accordingly, he immediately took a large silk handkerchief, and, stretching it over two cross sticks, formed, in this manner, his simple apparatus for drawing down the lightning from its cloud. Soon after, seeing a thunder-storm approaching, he took a walk into a field in the neighborhood of the city, in which there was a shed, but letting no one know, except his son, whom he took to assist him in raising the kite.

E. I wonder what he did then.

Mr E. The kite being raised, he fastened a key to the lower end of the hempen string; and then, insulating it by fastening it to a post with silk, he placed himself under the shed, and waited the result. For some time no signs of electricity appeared. A cloud, apparently charged with lightning, had even passed over them without producing any effect. At

length, however, just as Franklin was beginning to despair, he saw some loose threads of the hempen string rise and stand erect, exactly as if they had been repelled from each other by being charged with electricity. He immediately presented his knuckle to the key, and, to his inexpressible delight, drew from it the well known electrical spark. As the rain increased, the cord became a better conductor, and the key gave out its electricity copiously.

F. Dear! How delighted he must have been!

Mr E. He afterwards brought down the lightning into his house, and performed with it, at his leisure, all the experiments that could be performed with electricity. With these, it seems, he was accustomed to amuse his friends. In one of his letters he says, "Chagrined a little that we have hitherto been able to do nothing in this way of use to mankind, and the hot weather coming on, when electrical experiments are not so agreeable, it is proposed to put an end to them for this season somewhat humorously, in a party of pleasure on the banks of *Skuylkill*. Spirits at the same time are to be fired by a spark sent from side to side through the river, without any other conductor but the water — an experiment which we have some time since performed to the amusement of many. A turkey is to be killed for dinner by the *electrical shock*, and roasted by the *electrical jack*, before a fire kindled by the *electrical bottle;* when the healths of all the famous electricians in *England, Holland, France and Germany* are to be drunk in

electrified bumpers; under the discharge of guns from the *electrical battery*?"

E. Oh, that is very funny! But did not his discovery become useful?

Mr E. It did. It suggested to him the idea of a method of preserving buildings from lightning, which is not only effectual, but extremely simple and cheap; consisting, as it does, of nothing more than attaching to the building a pointed metallic rod, rising higher than any part of it, and communicating at the lower end with the ground. The lightning is sure to seize upon this rod in preference to any other part of the building, and thus it is conducted to the earth, and prevented doing any injury.

F. And so, papa, it is clear that electricity was in the thunder-cloud, long — very long before it was found to be in amber.

Mr E. Just so; and, what is more, that, while the electrical machine was not invented till lately, living ones existed from the creation of the world.

E. Living ones, papa! How can an electrical machine be alive?

Mr E. I will tell you. There is an animal called the electrical eel, which possesses the singular property of giving a shock to any body, or any number of bodies connected together, just as it may be done by the machine. Dr Williamson repeatedly proved this, and, while another person provoked the fish, he put his hand into the water, at the distance of three feet from it, and felt a sensation in the joints of his fingers like that produced by electricity. Some

small fish were thrown into the water, and the animal immediately stunned and swallowed them. Dr Williamson put his hand into the water, and had a fish thrown in at some distance. The eel swam up to it, and, at first, turned away without offering it any violence; after a little while he returned, and looking steadfastly at it a few seconds, gave it a shock, by which it instantly turned upon its back, and became motionless. The Doctor, at that very instant, felt the same sensation in his fingers, as when he put his hand into water before. A fish was afterwards struck, but not quite killed; when the eel perceived this, he returned, and at a second shock, evidently more severe than the former, rendered it motionless. Indeed, from a long series of experiments, it appeared that the properties of the fish partook so nearly of the nature of electricity, that whatever would convey the electrical fluid would also convey the fluid discharged by the eel, and vice versa. He however, was never able to observe that any spark was produced on contact.

F. Is the fish very powerful?

Mr E. It is. Mr Bryant mentions an instance of the shock being felt through a considerable thickness of wood. One morning, while he was standing by, as the servant was emptying a tub, which contained one of these fish, he had lifted it entirely from the ground, and was pouring off the water to renew it, when he received a shock so violent as occasioned him to let the tub fall. Mr B. then called another person to his aid, and told them to lift up the

tub together, each taking hold on the outside; but when they were pouring off the remainder of the water, each of them received so smart a shock that they were compelled to desist. Other cases are still more singular. A negro, who attempted to grasp a large fish firmly with his hands, had both his arms palsied. One of these fish being shaken from a net upon grass, a sailor, notwithstanding all that could be said to prevent him, insisted on taking it up, when he fell down in a fit, and it was with difficulty that his senses were restored. He said that the instant he touched it "the cold ran swiftly up his arm into his body, and pierced him to the heart."

E. Of what use is this power?

Mr E. It seems designed in part for the defence of the fish. Dr Williamson found that it did not use it except it was irritated; he has passed his hand along the back and sides from head to tail, and even lifted part of its body out of the water, without its attempting to injure him. It appears, however, to be principally used for securing food; the eels being destitute of teeth, they would otherwise be scarcely able to seize it. Thus the benevolence of God has compensated them, as he has done other creatures, for the want they discover.

F. Where, papa, are these fish found?

Mr E. They are peculiar to South America, where they are found only in the rocky parts of rivers, at a great distance from the sea. The torpedo, or electric ray, however, is found in most of the European seas, and it is by no means uncommon on

the British coasts. This fish possesses the same power of benumbing its prey as the electric eel, and many experiments have been made upon it with similar effect.

E. Can you describe, papa, the electrical machine which these creatures have?

Mr E. The organs of the eel that produce this wonderful accumulation of electric matter, form nearly one half of the fish in which they are placed; and perhaps compose more than one third of the whole animal. There are two pairs of these organs, one on each side. Their structure is very simple and regular, consisting only of flat partitions, with cross divisions between them; the partitions are thin membranes, placed nearly parallel to one another, and of different lengths and breadths. They are furnished with many pairs of nerves; but *how*, with this apparatus, such effects have been produced, has not yet been satisfactorily explained. We are equally ignorant of the way in which the torpedo becomes electrical, by means far more complicated and numerous. In these creatures they are composed of perpendicular columns reaching from the upper to the under surface, the number of them varying considerably in different animals. In a very large torpedo they amounted in one organ to 1182.

In what a world of wonders do we live! They appear in inanimate matter; and living beings form a continuous and uninterrupted chain:

> Each shell, each crawling insect, holds a rank
> Important in the plan of Him, who framed

> This scale of beings; holds a rank, which lost,
> Would break the chain, and leave a gap behind
> Which nature's self would rue.

From the contemplation of the boundless variety of nature, let us always rise to the great First Cause; and thus combine, with the improvement of the understanding, the moral culture of the heart.

THE MOWER.

This morning, when the sunshine stream'd
Upon our dazzled sight,
The tall grass waved along this field,
With dew drops glistening bright.

But now the mower's hardy stroke
Has laid the green blades low;
Each little flower has droop'd its head
And fallen before the blow.

How fast the broad and sweeping scythe
Cuts down the scented grass,
While o'er the mild and pleasant earth
The breezes softly pass!

O, we have heard, my sister dear,
A stronger mower reigns;
Who labors at his sweeping scythe,
With never ceasing pains.

His name is Time; and none can long
Escape his eager sight;
And o'er the earth he travels fast
To wither and to blight.

O may our lives so purely pass
That though such power is given
To Time—when we fulfil our doom,
We all may meet in heaven.

FRANCIS AND MARY.

FRANCIS, the son of a village gardener, was an amiable and good-tempered lad, who would, at any time, have gone a couple of miles for the pleasure of obliging any one who stood in need of his assistance. To his father and mother, he was extremely dutiful and affectionate; to his superiors in life, he was always respectful; and to the poor, he was so kind and charitable, that he has sometimes been known to deprive himself of a part of his own dinner, in order to bestow it upon some half-famished creature, who happened to pass that way. In short, his good qualities were so numerous, and so generally known, that Frank was beloved by all the neighbors, and a welcome guest in every family.

His sister Mary, on the contrary, was a child of a most perverse temper, extremely selfish, and completely destitute of pity for a suffering fellow-creature. This was a source of much grief to her father and mother, who were naturally both compassionate and charitable; but all attempts to convince her of her errors, and to correct her disagreeable habits, proved totally unavailing.

It was the will of Heaven that these children

should lose their parents before they were of an age to earn a livelihood; and, as the garden was not their own, but had been merely rented from year to year, nothing remained for these unfortunate orphans, but some old furniture and a few clothes. This scanty resource soon failed; for they were obliged to sell them, one by one, to procure the necessaries of life. In a short time, therefore, they were without a home to shelter them, exposed to every want, and even without any prospect of better days. However, some of the neighbors, pitying poor Frank's condition, furnished him not only with necessaries, but supplied him even better than he had been during his father's lifetime.

The same cannot be said of Mary, who was universally disliked. Far from assisting, everybody shunned and repulsed her. The only friend she had in the world was her brother, and he succored her to the utmost of his power, and generously shared with her whatever was given him. She was soon, however, deprived of this relief: he was attacked with a malignant fever, which having in a few days deprived him of his reason, induced some good people to take him into their house, and give him every assistance they were able. Mary, who had so often seen herself treated with contempt and harshness, thus losing her brother's assistance, and not daring to present herself to any of the neighbors, had no other way of sustaining nature, but by feeding on the hips, and haws, and blackberries, in the neighboring wood. As soon as Frank recovered the use of his senses, he

began to inquire after his sister, and earnestly entreated everybody he saw to have compassion on her.

Mary, however, was not to be found; for, being ashamed of shewing herself, she took care to remain concealed. But it is easy to imagine what a wretched life she led: she was grown so pale and thin, that she looked almost like a skeleton. Her clothes, also, were torn and ragged; and the very dogs, as she passed, barked at her, and threatened to bite her. She slept either in the open fields or under a hedge; and, during the day, she was sometimes exposed to all the inconveniences of the rain, and, at others, to the burning heat of the sun. After spending about a fortnight in this manner, the unhappy creature became so weak and ill, that she sank on the earth, without a hope of ever rising again. This severe distress, however, was not intended to cause her death, but to effect her reformation. A poor woman, who went from village to village asking charity, happening to go through those meadows, in search of mushrooms, found this unhappy girl lying by the side of a ditch, and, to all appearance, dead. The unfortunate in general are more compassionate than others. Kneeling down by poor Mary, she kindly raised her in her arms, and assisted her as tenderly as if she had been her own child. Having some bread and other provisions in a basket, she made her take what she thought the most likely to revive and strengthen her. When she was a little recovered, she questioned her, and on hearing who she was, and that everybody had forsaken her, she replied, "You now see how the

things of this world change — *I*, a beggar, have saved your life; while you, who, when your father lived, had more than enough, denied me a little table-beer, which I asked in the name of charity. I was so overcome by the heat of the season, fatigue, and labor, that my throat and lips were absolutely parched: you not only refused me, but used such language as would scarcely have been excusable towards a person who had robbed you, or been guilty of any enormous crime." Mary looked up at her, recollected her features, blushed with conscious guilt, and cast down her eyes without daring to speak a word. The good old woman, however, took her by the hand, and said, "I do not recal this to your mind out of any ill-nature; but only that you may learn in future to pity the unfortunate. You see, that if I had been as cruel towards you as you were to me, you must have died of hunger." She then took her with her, and recommended her to a shepherd, who lived on the top of a mountain, a few miles distant, to keep his sheep.

About this time, Francis, who had entirely recovered his health, was taken into the service of a nobleman, who had observed the lad's good disposition. Here he behaved so well, and was so much above the generality of servants, that his master soon made him his valet. Having then many leisure hours, he employed them in studying writing and arithmetic. His master, finding that his time was so well spent, and perceiving that he was become an excellent arithmetician, raised him to the post of his house-steward. In this new capacity, instead of

trying to enrich himself at his patron's expense, Francis devoted his whole attention to promoting his interest, and to spare as much as possible, without, however, lessening the magnificence his lord thought proper to display in his equipage and table. When the accounts were inspected, the new steward was found to have expended a quarter less than his predecessor. His master, charmed with so much economy, generously presented him with twenty pounds, and doubled his salary for the future. Seeing himself so prosperous in all his undertakings, Frank with a grateful heart, returned thanks to divine Providence for the blessings he enjoyed, and devoted a part of his money to the remuneration of those friends, who, after his father's death, had so kindly assisted him.

Thus, constantly pursuing the path of rectitude, Francis tasted that true felicity, which is sure to result from the practice of virtue. His mind, however, was sometimes deeply distressed by the remembrance of his absent sister. He spared no expense to obtain tidings of her; but no one could tell what had become of the unfortunate Mary.

In the mean time, the shepherd, who was a good old man, and who had lost both his wife and children, loved Mary as his own daughter; and she, to whom adversity had taught an important lesson, served and loved him as her father. She led her flocks at an early hour to the pasture, and while they rested during the noon-tide heat, she would hasten to the cottage, and prepare some wholesome though frugal fare for the old man; who, on returning from cultiva-

ting his garden, sat down with thankfulness, and ate his meal with her. Mary was contented in the station allotted her, and nothing was wanting to complete her happiness, but a certainty of her dear brother's welfare; but she would not quit her kind friend the shepherd, and she could not reasonably indulge the hope that chance would conduct her beloved relative to her abode. Eight years had elapsed since their separation, and she was certain that if they were to meet, they would not recollect each other. She found some consolation, however, in reflecting on her brother's virtues, and she felt convinced that Heaven would not forsake him.

During this period, the situation of Francis was still improving, for his master, becoming daily better acquainted with his good qualities, and finding him an excellent economist, as a proof of his confidence, intrusted him with the management of all his property. Francis, that he might the more conscientiously discharge the duties annexed to his new vocation, went to examine his patron's estates, and observe what agricultural improvements they were capable of receiving.

A part of the very mountain where Mary lived, and several of the adjacent fields, belonged to his master. It happened, one evening after sunset, as he was walking alone through the valley, lost in thought, the night overtook him. He then attempted to return, but, being totally unacquainted with the place, mistook his way. He wandered for some time, without knowing whither: at length, he came to the

brink of a river, whence he fancied he perceived houses at a distance. He accordingly began to ford it, but, coming near the middle, he found the stream much deeper and more rapid than he had imagined. He then betook himself to swimming; but the current, being very strong, carried him along like a reed; and had he not had the presence of mind to throw himself against a bank, he must inevitably have perished; however, he fortunately succeeded in clinging to some willows that grew there, and crossed without sustaining any other damage than that of wetting his clothes.

In this state, he reached the top of the mountain, where, seeing a hut, he knocked at the door. The good old shepherd instantly got up and opened it. "Pardon me," said Francis, "if I have disturbed your rest; but I have had the misfortune to lose my way in the valley, and have just escaped drowning. I stand in great need, as you see, of your hospitality, both to dry my clothes, and recruit my strength after my fatigue." "Sleep; it is true," replied the old man, "is very sweet; but I consider it much sweeter to assist a fellow creature. I beg, therefore, that you will make no apology, but walk in, and make use of my house as if it were your own." Having thus welcomed him, the old man lighted a fire, and, after giving him some refreshment, and hanging his clothes to dry, made him sleep in his own bed.

At the break of day, Mary arose to lead the flock to the pasture, and was surprised to find the old shepherd already up and busy. As soon as he had

related the adventure of the preceding night — "Why," said she, "did you not wake me? I would have done whatever was necessary, and your rest would not have been broken." — "Ah! Mary," replied he, "do you imagine that I prefer my sleep to the exercise of humanity? I seldom have an opportunity of being serviceable to anybody, and I consider myself truly happy when an occasion offers." — "And I also," rejoined Mary, "I constantly desire it, that I may, by my present and future conduct, make amends for what is past." — "Come, come," returned her aged friend, "you may today, in some degree, satisfy your wishes. I will endeavor to engage our guest to stay and partake of our frugal fare, and you will take care to choose the best of our provisions, and prepare it, as well as you are able, for him." Mary tripped off very light hearted, and as she went along, thought only how to dress their homely meal in the nicest manner. At the usual hour, she returned to the cottage, and covered the table with such excellent bread, milk, and new-laid eggs, that not only a person unused to refinement, but one accustomed to every delicacy, might have eaten with an appetite.

In the interval, Francis had risen; and, as he intended to reward the cottagers for their attention and kindness, he the more willingly consented to partake of their repast. While they sat at table, he found himself drawn by a secret impulse towards the young shepherdess, who, on her side, felt the same tender sympathy towards him, though she sat with her eyes

GIVE ME THE SWORD.

"O, SISTER! I am sick of toys,
Although I have a plenteous hoard;
But they are only fit for boys,
Or girls like Jane: — give me the sword.

"I care not for my bat and ball,
My kite and marbles closely stored,
I will part with them one and all,
So you will give me up the sword.

"Come, hark! the trumpet's stirring sound
Calls every hero brave away,
To mingle on the battle ground;
You would not have me, then, delay?

"Give me the sword, and let me go,
To act the soldier's glorious part,
To fearless meet the traitor foe,
And stab him to his coward heart."

"Hush, Charles, you know not what you speak;
The sword — is oft a tyrant's toy,
To crush the free, to awe the weak,
To slay, to ravage, and destroy!

" We need it not where all are free,
Where hands are strong, and hearts are bold;
Where virtue is nobility,
And honors are not bought or sold.

" Where liberty, above all price,
Is prized, and God alone adored!
Where shame awaits on gilded vice,
And — there — let go — let go the sword.

EDWARD AND CHARLES.

Mr Spencer sent for his two sons, Edward and Charles, into his closet; he took each of them by the hand, and drawing them affectionately towards him, told them he was going to undertake a long journey; that he hoped they would be very good boys during his absence, obedient and dutiful to their mamma, and never vex nor tease her, but do everything she wished them to do: he also desired them to be kind to poor Ben, and to recollect, that though his face was black, he was a very good boy, and that God would love him, whilst he continued to behave well, just as much as if his skin were as white as theirs, and much more than He would either of them, unless they were equally deserving of His love, as black Ben had rendered himself by his good natured and amiable disposition.

Edward and Charles both promised their papa that they would do everything he desired; but they were not *both* equally sincere: Edward could with difficulty hide his joy, when his father told him he was going from home; for he was a very naughty boy, and had no inclination to obey anybody, but to be his own master, and do as he liked; to get into all kinds of

mischief, and kick and cuff poor Ben whenever he pleased.

Thinking, however, it would be proper to appear sorry for what he was, in reality, extremely glad, and seeing poor Charles take out his handkerchief to wipe away his tears, when he was taking leave of his father, he pulled out his also: but it was not to wipe his eyes, but to hide his smiles; for he was so happy at the thought of all the tricks he could play, without having any one to control him, that he was afraid his joy would be perceived, and his hypocrisy detected.

Mrs Spencer's health was so indifferent, that she seldom quitted her apartment; so that she knew very little of the behaviour of her sons. Edward, as soon as he had breakfasted, usually took his hat, and went out, without telling any one whither he was going, or when he should return.

One day, when he was gone away in this manner, and Charles was quite alone, he went up stairs to his mamma, and asked her leave to take a walk in the fields; and away he went, with his favorite dog, for he had no other company, and he said, "Come along, Ruby, let us take a ramble together; my brother always quarrels and fights with me, but I know you will not, my poor Ruby: here, my poor old fellow, here is a piece of bread, which I saved from my breakfast, on purpose for you."

Charles had not walked very far, before he thought he heard Ben crying; and thinking it very probable that his brother was beating him, he went as fast as he possibly could towards the place whence the

jumped into the boat with the utmost readiness, but in an instant, the wicked Edward, having cut the rope by which it was fastened, away it went into the middle of the river, and no one can tell whither it might have been driven, or what terrible accident might have happened, if the wind had been high, and had not the good affectionate Ben stripped off his clothes, and plunged into the river to go to Charles's assistance. Ben could swim like a fish, and was soon within reach of the boat, which, by getting hold of the end of the rope, he brought near enough to the shore for Charles to jump out on the bank.

At another time, the two brothers were walking near the side of a brook, when Edward wickedly pushed Charles from some height, into the water. Fortunately the brook was not very deep, and Charles escaped uninjured; but the fall might have been attended with the most injurious consequences.

Edward fancied, that, as his mamma knew nothing of his tricks, and as he was certain Charles was too good natured to tell tales, his papa would never hear of them: but he was very much mistaken. Old Nicholls, the hostler, had observed his behaviour, and, as soon as his master returned, took the first opportunity of telling him of everything which had passed in his absence.

Mr Spencer now recollected that he had been much to blame in keeping his sons at home, and determined to send them both to school immediately: he observed, however, that they were not equally deserving of kindness and indulgence, and that it

would be proper and just to make Edward feel how much he was displeased by the accounts he had received of his conduct; he was therefore sent to a school at a considerable distance from home, so far off that he came home neither at Christmas nor Thanksgiving, nor saw any of his friends from one year to the other; he was not allowed to have any pocket-money, for his papa said he would only make an ill use of it; nor had he ever any presents sent him of any kind.

Charles was only twenty miles from his father's house, and was always at home in the holidays: he had a great many things given to him on new year's day, and his father bought him a little pony. And Ben, who was a grateful boy, did not forget how many times Charles had taken his part, and would have done anything in the world to have given him pleasure.

HOME.

A little boy came to reside in the city, some months since, and seemed at first much delighted with the change from the quiet seclusion of the country to the noisy excitement of the town. But he soon began to weary of living among so many strange faces, became home-sick and heart-sick, and soon left the city with the same childish delight with which he had entered it. The following lines are offered as a feeble transcript of his feelings and wishes, previous to his departure.

O! THE weary days! how dull they move,
How slow the weeks creep by!
I would that I might give them wings,
That they might faster fly.
I tire of this long, noisy street,
Which crowds, forever fill;
And long for my native, rural home,
On the dear, far-distant hill!

Methinks my cheek, in this smoky air,
Hath lost its wonted bloom;
And methinks, the gay, contented look,
Hath changed for one of gloom.

I pant for the healthy mountain breeze,
And to rise with the morning light,
And roam with the springing step of youth,
Till the shadowy fall of night.

I sigh for the green familiar tree
That waves at the cottage door,
For the humble roof, with its curling smoke,
And the neat white sanded floor.
As I think of the little rural porch,
With its clambering vine, and rose,
My bosom throbs with a longing love,
And mine eye with tears o'erflows.

I seem to see the village school
At play on the grassy plain,
And I long to join in the giddy group,
And sport with them again.
I long to clasp each eager hand,
And gaze on each well known face,
And tell them all how dear to me,
Hath been my native place!

I long to rove on the dewy hill,
To hide in the lonesome wood,
To follow the sheep-bell's tinkling sound,
And sport in the rolling flood.
I long to walk to the village church,
And kneel in its rustic pew,
And worship God in the simple way,
That my kin and neighbors do.

Mine eye is pained with the showy pomp,
That fills each crowded street;
It cannot find one well known face
In all the throngs I meet.
What care I for their splendid homes,
And all their gay attire?
I better love the humble group
Around the farmer's fire.

I. M.

STUDY AND PASTIME.

"I WISH I might have nothing to do but to amuse myself all day, my dear mother," said little Laura.

"Ah, well, you shall have your wish," replied the indulgent parent; "I only am afraid that you will soon be tired of your choice."

"There is no danger of that," answered the little girl, in high glee, and she skipped out of the room in search of her playthings. She soon got them; but found herself alone in her sports, for her sisters were occupied at the time with their lessons.

Laura immediately began to employ her liberty as well as she could. She played for some time, but her enjoyment insensibly grew less. She soon exhausted her catalogue of sports, and she could not think of others. She began to weary of play. She returned to her mother, and begged her to tell her of some new sport, or to play with her herself. But the good mother had other things to attend to, and was obliged to refuse Laura's request.

Having lost all relish for her games, the little girl stood waiting impatiently for the return of her sisters from school. As soon as she saw them, she ran towards them, and complained how slowly the time had

passed away during their absence, and how impatiently she had been waiting their approach.

The sisters good naturedly commenced some of their prettiest games, to please Laura; but all their efforts to restore her to her usual gayety were unavailing. She continued to cry, and said that there was nothing new in all their games; that they seemed determined to do nothing to please her, and that she would not remain there to be wearied to death."

On her saying this, Ida, the eldest of the sisters, took her gently by the hand, and replied: "Listen to me, my little Laura; if you will not be vexed, I will tell you the cause of your uneasiness. Lay it to no one's account but your own; for, as you see, the rest of us are all cheerful, though we have played at these games as often as you. But we have been at work, and we have been doing something useful; and this is the reason why we enjoy our sports. If you, by your industry, had deserved some recreation, you would find in play as much delight as we do, now that we are released from work."

Their mother came up at this moment; she had heard what Ida said, and assured Laura that it was all true, and worthy of her remembrance.

MARIAN AND HER MOTHER.

"O, WHY need the weather be so hot? I can hardly breathe," said Marian, as she hastily fanned her red cheeks, and wiped the moisture from her forehead. It was on one of the warmest days of the season, and the sun shone with intense brightness.

To Marian's impatient remark, her mother replied: "The reason why it is so hot, my child, I could better tell you some weeks hence than now. I will content myself today with assuring you, that it is God who sends us this heat, and that he is too good a Father to do anything, which is not for our good."

Marian remained silent; for she believed her mother, whom she had never known to tell her anything which was not true.

She tried to bear with proper patience the warmth of the weather, which continued for some time. At length the month of August was at an end, and with it the time of heat and languor.

The fresher air of September and the gentler rays of the sun now attracted Marian every day to the garden. The fruit became ripened, and the harvest commenced. Marian was delighted with the beauty of the apples, the pears, and the peaches; nothing

could surpass the sweetness of their flavor, or the brightness of their colors.

"Ah, mother!" cried the little girl, "see the fine fruits, which the Creator has given us! what must be his goodness and his love for us!"

"Yes, my child," said her mother; "but consider a little. You would have been almost angry with him, when he wished to bestow on us these blessings. Remember that it was that very heat, which one day made you so impatient, that has ripened these fruits, and not only these, but the corn and the wheat, without which men could hardly subsist. Accustom yourself, my child, to be content with all that God ordains; for you will always see, sooner or later, that he does everything for the good of his creatures."

CAROLINE.

"PRAY, Papa," said Caroline, "do let me have a garden of my own! Tom and Anne and Mary will never let anything grow; what they plant one day, they remove the next; and so the flowers die; they do not give anything time to take root; and then, papa, they sow seeds, and a day or two after they begin scratching to see whether they are growing: and they dig up my shrubs just as they do their own; I never can have anything with them, and I do so love a garden, and I will keep it so neat, and take so much care of it, if you will but try me! — Will you, dear papa?"

Papa consented, and Caroline had a pretty bit of garden ground given to her, which Nicholas had directions to put in order for her; and after that, except now and then a few jobs, which she could not do, because she was not strong enough, she was to take care of it and weed and water it herself. Caroline was up early the next morning, and found some beautiful shrubs and flowers already planted in her garden; for Nicholas was very fond of her, because his wife had been her nurse, and so she was sure to have the best of everything; and as she was not so

whimsical as her brother and sisters, but let the things grow where they were planted, when the summer came, her little garden was so blooming that every one went to admire it; and she had very often a pretty nosegay to give her mamma.

She watered her plants and trees when the weather was very warm, and the earth dry; and she had a little watering-pot of her own, and a rake and a hoe; and when she saw any straggling branches, she was sure to tie them up, and was, as she always said, as busy as a bee.

THE SILK-MANUFACTURERS.

Mr Elwood was one morning engaged in the library with Frederick, when Emma came in, and said, as she laid a small yellow ball on the table, "*Do*, papa, tell me what this is, if you please."

"My love," he replied, "it is a very curious thing; it is the work, and the abode for some time, of a silk-worm; and is called a *cocoon;* as every ball is which is made by an insect while it is a grub."

"But what," inquired Emma, "is there *inside?*"

"The outer part," said her father, "is formed of a rough silk-like substance, called floss; inside this, is a thread more distinct and even; and then the apartment of the chrysalis, or aurelia, which lodges here, seems lined with a substance of the hardness of paper, but much stronger; while the third, which composes the cocoon, is not rolled regularly round, but lies very unevenly upon it, and winds off first from one side and then from the other; and so we get silk for ladies' gowns, and bonnets, and various purposes."

Frederick laid down his book, the eyes of the children were attentively fixed on the little wonder, and, after turning it over again and again, the following conversation took place.

E. How much silk is there in a cocoon, papa?

Mr E. The quantity is variously stated, and some times most absurdly exaggerated — thus, Isward, an old author, says, it will measure in length six miles, or 10,560 yards; but Count Dandolo tells us, that a silkworm's labors seldom exceed 625 yards; a great quantity indeed for so short a life. Others consider the average length to be from 300 to 400 yards, and the weight to be about three grains.

F. Who first used the work of this little creature?

Mr E. It is difficult to say positively who it was, or when it was done. The credit of drawing the slender filament from these little balls, from which fabrics may be formed of endless beauty and variety, is claimed by the Chinese. It is stated in their records, that they used the work of the silk-worm two thousand seven hundred years before the Christian era; they represent the Empresses as surrounded by their women, engaged in hatching and rearing the little manufacturers, and in weaving their valuable produce; and they give the honor of doing this *first* to one who was named See-ling-shee.

E. But, papa, how did *we* get it first?

Mr E. A long time passed before it was known in England, and even then it was very slowly introduced. Soon after the Conquest, however, it was much used; and, in 1251, when Alexander III. of Scotland, married Margaret, the daughter of Henry III., a thousand English knights appeared in garments of silk, which were thrown aside the next day for robes equally gorgeous and splendid.

E. O, papa, how I should have liked to see them? And then, I dare say, the ladies were quite as handsomely dressed. How gay they must all have looked! —and, dear! — how much money it must have cost!

Mr E. Silk, my love, was at one time valued, at Rome, at its weight in gold; and the Emperor Aurelian is said to have refused his Empress a robe of silk because it was so costly. Even when James VI., King of Scotland, came to assume the English crown, it was so scarce that he was obliged to ask the Earl of Mar for the loan of a pair of silk stockings to wear before the English Ambassador, adding, "For ye would not, sure, that your king should appear as a scrub before strangers."

F. Well, papa, I should think there must be plenty now. I was with mamma the other day when Mr Wilkinson called, and told her so much about his stock selling off—sarsnets, and satins, and gros — gros —

E. Gros de Naples; yes, papa, and Levantines, and lustres, and poplins, and velvets, and brocades, and, — and —

Mr E. That will do, my dears; the variety is greater than you, Emma, or any other little girl, can describe. The quantity too is immense. When the frame-work knitters of silk stockings petitioned Oliver Cromwell for a charter, they said, "The Englishman buys silk of the stranger for twenty marks, and sells him the same again for one hundred pounds." But now they buy three millions and a half pounds of raw silk from the stranger, employ half a million of their

own people in the manufacture of it by the aid of machinery, and sell it to them and the stranger, at a price as low as that of the calico of half a century ago.

F. What a number of silk-worms then there must be!

Mr E. Yes! To supply this *one* luxury to *us*, fourteen thousand millions of animated creatures yearly live, labor, and die! Still greater must be the number in China, where all, from the emperor to the peasant, wear silk.

E. Dear papa, tell us how it is made; I am sure I want to know all about it; and Frederick is looking so slyly, as if he meant to say so too.

Mr E. Silk-worms are hatched from eggs, laid during summer, by a kind of grayish moth; they are about as large as a grain of mustard-seed, at first of a yellow color, but afterwards of a bluish hue. From each of these comes a small black caterpillar; in about eight days its head grows larger, and it is seized with its first sickness, when its size increases; and in the course of a month, its weight is multiplied many *thousand-fold*. It then throws off its whole covering, not only that of the body, but of the feet, of the entire skull, and even of the mandibles, or jaws; which process may be seen by the unassisted eye, but, of course, more clearly through a magnifying glass.

E. Well! that is strange! Does it change any more?

Mr E. Yes! It is again attacked by sickness, after

which it moults again; and, when this has been repeated for the fourth time, the caterpillar is about one and a half or two inches long, devours its food most voraciously, and, during ten days increases rapidly in size. Its whole form is now remarkable; but the two very small apertures through which the worm draws its silky substance, are placed just beneath the jaw, and close to each other.

F. Now, I should think it is ready for work.

Mr E. Almost, my dear; it ceases to feed on the mulberry leaves; its color is now light-green, with a mixture of a darker hue; and, in twenty-four hours, the material for forming its silk is digested, when its green color disappears, its body acquires greater firmness and is somewhat lessened in size, and it finds some place for its work, and begins its cocoon.

F. But where is the substance of which the silk is composed?

Mr E. It is secreted in the form of a fine yellow transparent gum in two small separate vessels, which are wound as it were on two spindles in the stomach, and, which unfolded, are about ten inches long. In three or four days, the cocoon is complete; the caterpillar then smears its surface with a gum like that which forms the silk itself (no doubt to shield the chrysalis from the rain,) a portion of which accompanies the silken filament through its entire length; and so completely is this done, that when, in order to reel the silk more easily, the balls are thrown into hot water, they float like bladders, and, unless the ball is imperfectly formed, the water does not penetrate the

silk until it is nearly all unwound. When the ball is finished, the insect rests awhile, throws off its garb, and appears, when the cocoon is opened, something like a kidney bean in shape, or pointed at one end; having a smooth, brown skin, with its former covering lying by its side.

E. How long does it sleep, papa?

Mr E. From fifteen to thirty days, according to the climate. It then throws off its shroud, and appears as a large moth of a grayish white color, with four wings, two eyes, and two black antennæ, or horns; seeks its mate, who deposits her eggs; and both, in two or three days after, end their being.

F. Do any other creatures yield silk?

Mr E. Yes; some kinds of spiders. According to M. Bon, the silk formed by them is as beautiful, strong, and glossy, as that of the silk-worms. The spider spins minute fibres from small papillæ, or nipples, placed on the hinder part of its body, and from these he forms or moulds a viscous liquor, which, after being drawn through them, dries on exposure to the air, and becomes silk. M. Reaumur found that each of these nipples consists of many smaller ones, which can only be discerned by their effects. M. Bon was able to count fifteen or twenty fibres in a single thread, while Reaumur relates, that he has discovered, through a microscope, seventy or eighty, and found there were infinitely more than he could reckon, so that he believed himself to be far within the limit of truth when he supposed that one slender filament of a spider's web is made up of 5000 fibres. The thread

which forms the web to entrap the prey is very fragile; but those which are wound very loosely round the eggs, in a shape like that of the silkworm's cocoon, after it has been prepared and loosened for the distaff, are much stronger.

F. Were many of these bags collected?

Mr E. Yes, by M. Bon, from which a new kind of silk was made, said to be inferior in no respect to that of the silkworm. It took readily all kinds of dyes; and stockings, and gloves were made from it, some of which he presented to the Royal Society of London, and others to the Royal Academy of Paris. But, what will you say, my dears, when I tell you that silk has been sought beneath the surface of the sea, and from a creature ranking in the scale of creation but little higher than a vegetable?

E. I should say, papa, you surprise me very much; but I think you cannot make me wonder more than you have done already.

Mr E. The pinna belongs to the same order as the common muscle. Its shell is formed of two parts or valves, fragile, and furnished with a beard; the valves hinge without a tooth. The animal sticks its sharp end into the mud or sand, while the rest of the shell is at liberty to open in the water, and, like the muscle, has the power of spinning a viscid matter in the manner of the spider and caterpillar. Although the shell is often two feet long, the threads are scarcely inferior in beauty and fineness to those of the silkworm. Separately, they possess but little strength; yet an immense number of them is sufficient to secure

the fish in a fixed situation, and naturalists call it "*the silk-worm of the sea.*" It is furnished with an organ which, in shape, resembles a tongue, and is, therefore, often called by that name; but, whenever the fish wishes to change its place, it serves to drag the body forward, and may then be called a leg, for it is fixed to some solid body, and, being then contracted in its length, the fish is necessarily drawn to the spot where it has fixed itself, and, repeating this movement, arrives at its destination. The principal use of this organ, however, is in spinning the threads; for it becomes cylindrical, or round, at the base or root, and a slit runs through its entire length, which acts as a canal for the liquor of which the threads are made, and moulds them into their proper form; — the liquor being secreted by glands or vessels found in all animals, and formed for the production of moisture, with which it is provided. The caterpillar resembles, however, the wire-drawer at work, and the muscle the founder who casts metals in a mould.

F. Were the threads of the pinna ever employed for any valuable purpose?

Mr E. Yes. They were wrought into gloves and other articles of ornament and dress, in very early times, and a robe, presented by one of the Roman Emperors to the satraps of Armenia, was probably made of this material. Several beautiful things are also made of them at Palermo. The delicacy of the thread, however, is such that a pair of stockings, made of it may be contained in a snuff-box of ordinary size. Some stockings of this silk were presented, in

1754, to Pope Benedict XIV., and, though so very fine, protected the legs alike from cold and heat. In gouty and rheumatic cases, stockings and gloves of this material are still deemed useful; but it is not seen in England, except in the cabinets of the curious. Thus, as it has been well remarked, the same silky substance is manufactured by the fish, the caterpillar, and the spider; anticipating by ages some of the costly productions of man.

E. Thank you, thank you, dear papa; how interesting all this is! I am very glad that I found the cocoon!

THE BLIND PIPER.

Kind friends, we ask a little aid;
My father's eyes are old and dim,
And I, a young and simple maid,
Can do but little yet for him.

He was a soldier strong and brave,
With raven locks some years ago,
But now, he's nearer to the grave,
His hair is whiter than the snow.

His form is bowed; his rayless eyes
No more can view the pleasant earth;
Behold the glorious sun arise,
Or green buds bursting into birth.

But he, upon his pipe will play
Some tunes, which to his heart are dear;
Kind strangers, will you please to stay,
For some few minutes' time, and hear!

THE DAY OF PLEASURE.

"MAMMA!" exclaimed little Mary Hatfield, after a very long silence, during which her work had remained untouched in her lap, and her eyes been anxiously turned on the lovely blue sky, which one of the finest of summer's days was arching over glad hearts and green fields.

"Well, my love," returned her mamma, "what sudden thought has struck you? I should hope it is something instructive, from the time you have spent in its consideration."

Mary smiled, and blushed as she replied, "I was only wishing, mamma, that it may be just such a day tomorrow, — the sun shining as brilliantly, — because then" — and she stopped suddenly.

"Because what, Mary; why do you stop?"

"You know, mamma, that papa has promised to take me to the new bazaar at Windsor tomorrow; and if it is fine we can have the carriage open, and you know we shall pass Georgina May with her father, in their shabby old chaise, and —"

"Stop, my dear," interrupted Mrs Hatfield, "I know that you are to go out with your papa tomorrow, and that, if fine, it is probable the carriage will be

open; but I do *not* know that you will pass Miss May, nor that she will be in a shabby chaise; but I will suppose all this to be true; still I cannot imagine how the sun shining can possibly affect you the more for that circumstance."

Mary raised the handkerchief she had been hemming to her face, to conceal her blushing cheek, as she replied, "I shall have on my new silk pelisse, and hat; and I am sure *she* will not have on anything but that frightful old spencer and straw bonnet."

"Mary," said the mild voice of her mother; but Mary knew that its very mildness betokened displeasure. "Mary, how much it grieves me to hear such sentiments from you; did your papa hear them I am very certain you would not go to Windsor at all; but I am happy to see you are ashamed. I shall therefore say no more on a subject so painful, except that you would do well to take the amiable Georgina May as a pattern of humility and excellence."

In another moment Mary was sobbing by her mamma's side; for she was not a bad hearted child; and indeed it must be confessed that she was always much grieved after having given displeasure to her kind parent. She possessed also most excellent abilities; but there were moments when pride so completely overcame her natural good sense, that it betrayed her into such silly observations as the one we have recorded.

Mrs Hatfield immediately kissed the tearful cheek raised to her's, and said, "I see so often tears on

your cheek, Mary, and listen to promises of amendment so frequently, that I almost despair."

"No, no, dear mamma; indeed I shall remember this," whispered Mary.

"I hope you will, my love. You have read your Bible. Do you remember any expression there which exalts the rich above the poor? It is true that Georgina May does not live quite so idly as you do, because her parents are differently situated from us. Go to your room, my dear, and read in the sixteenth chapter of Luke, of the rich man and Lazarus. You remember also the history of the widow's mite;" and thus the conversation terminated.

Mary soon regained her usual cheerfulness; and though her sleep that night was often interrupted, it was occasioned by her restless anticipation of the morrow's pleasure; rather than sorrow for the bad temper she had displayed.

At length the desired morning dawned, and Mary jumped from her bed much earlier than usual, and danced for joy when she saw the sun shining very cheerfully on the green trees and flowers; and here I am sorry to say that, although she was really penitent when she went to bed, she could not now help anticipating the triumph of the silk hat and pelisse, over the "frightful old spencer and bonnet of poor, but sweet tempered Georgina May."

The carriage was soon at the door, and Mary equipped; she stood before the mirror and gazed on the new dress, and the face that would have been really pretty, if not distorted by a smile of vanity.

When she reached the hall, and looked on the "open carriage," she turned towards her mamma, and she well knew how to comprehend the smile and look that she bent on her,—she felt that her mamma was thinking of Georgina May, and the "shabby chaise;" but this was soon forgotten, as she proceeded on her way towards Windsor. In a short time they came in sight of Mr May and his little girl, who were also going the same way; though with less speed than Mr Hatfield, as they had but one horse, while the latter had two. Georgina smiled, and spoke joyfully of the treat she expected; but Mary felt rather vexed at the slight notice she bestowed on her finery. But the little girl did not know how much Mary wished her dress to be admired, or most probably she would have said it was very pretty, for so she thought it; though she did not consider dress of sufficient consequence to occupy the very short space of time allotted her to spend with a little friend whom she loved very dearly.

The carriage passed on, as Mary had anticipated, and the shabby chaise was already half a mile behind, Georgina May only regretting their lagging pace, that it kept her the longer from Mary, when, from some carelessness of the driver, the carriage of Mr Hatfield was suddenly upset.

In a few moments, Mr Hatfield extricated himself from the fallen vehicle, and was holding his senseless child in his arms. He looked around for assistance—his coachman was the only person to be seen, and he was also much hurt—he hesitated what to do, until he remembered that Mr May could not be far behind;

and in a short time Georgina was weeping beside her unfortunate little friend, while their fathers were arranging the cushions from the carriage, so as to form an easy place in the chaise to convey her back to her home. In the mean time, Mary had slowly revived, and a sad, piteous figure she was. The new hat all crushed and spoiled, her face as pale as death, and a sorrowing heart. "Her arm was painful," she said; and she might have added, that the remembrance of past words was far more so, even though she was suffering the excruciating pain of a fractured arm — for such it was decided to be by a surgeon, who was hastily sent for. She arrived at home, in the shabby chaise, with her papa to support her and little Georgina May in the "frightful old bonnet," walking by her side, pale and tearful; for she had refused to proceed to the bazaar, though some ladies also from the town offered her a seat in their carriage. She sat by the bed-side, watching even the direction of Mary's eyes, in order that she might anticipate her wishes, and creep noiselessly over the floor to comply with them.

"Georgina," said the little girl one day, when she was sufficiently recovered to be pillowed up in bed, "Georgina, you do not know how unkind I was the day we were going to Windsor, I was so silly and vain as to hope you would envy my new dress, which was so torn and spoiled in my fall. Oh! Georgina, I will always remember to thank God in my prayers for that fall: it humbled me in my own eyes; the more so, when I saw you so kind, giving up going to the beautiful bazaar, and —"

"Say not another word, dear Miss Hatfield,"—interrupted Georgina, as she picked the finest bunch of white currants from the plate, and held it to the little invalid.

"No, no, Georgina, do not call me Miss Hatfield, but Mary—your own Mary; and indeed I will try to imitate your amiable manners, but I am afraid I never shall smile, and be so content under a disappointment as you were when you curtsied to those ladies, and thanked them for the offer of a seat in their carriage, but said, with my good papa's permission, you would rather return with me; and I so unworthy of such kindness too! no, I am afraid I never shall be good as you are."

"Do not fear, my love," interrupted Mrs Hatfield; who had entered quite unperceived, and who had been a pleased listener to Mary's voluntary confession. "Do not fear; for if you endeavor to acquire amiability, and pray to God for assistance, and Georgina is kind enough to remind you, when you forget your good resolutions, I am sure I shall not fear a repetition of the fault you have so generously confessed."

I think I hear my little reader asking if she did keep her good resolution? Yes! on the anniversary of "The day of Pleasure," which turned to one of pain, she had overcome that great, and, I am sorry to say, that frequently occurring fault of pride of dress, and had learned much of the little Christian's best lesson, Humility.

THE PLEASURES OF INDUSTRY.

MAMMA, my dear mamma, I 've been so happy all the day,
And yet I 've done a deal of work, and had but little play;
The time that sometimes seems so long, has seemed so short to me,
And yet the real length 's the same, where can the difference be?

I 've often played the whole day long, and yet have less enjoyed
Myself, than I have done today, although so much employed;
And sometimes when I 've idle been, I 've felt so very tired—
I wish all days would pass just like the one that 's now expired.

When first I rose, I dressed myself, Jane was not in the way,
I crept as softly as a mouse, by the bed where baby lay;

I stole into the garden next, 't was gemmed with morning dew,
And gathered some ripe strawberries, for dear papa and you.

Then breakfast came; you know, mamma, I was not idle then,
You said you thought my motto was, Eat quick and come again!
And something else you said beside, it was, "you could not eat,
If you had not been tempted by my strawberries so sweet."

What was the next thing that I did?—Oh! now I recollect,
I tried to make amends, you know, for yesterday's neglect;
The flowers within the drawing room, were withered all and dead,
And so I gathered fresher ones, and placed them in their stead.

Then poor dame Goodman came to say her son was very ill,
And that the doctor had declared he must be kept quite still;
But that he could not sleep because the children made a noise;
And so to keep them quieter, I offered them my toys.

She smiled, and thanked me very much, and said she could not tell,
But she believed my welcome gifts would help to make him well;
Because they 'd keep the little ones so quiet all the day,
And if he could but sleep awhile, his pains would go away.

Then reading, writing, cyphering, the morning soon was spent;
This done, to see the new young lambs, with grandmamma, I went:
I chose the prettiest of the flock, and that it might be known,
I tied a ribbon round its neck to mark it for my own.

Then dinner came, and soon was o'er — that did not keep me long;
And then I took my music-book, and tried your last new song;
Whilst Anne and Willy danced with joy to hear me sing and play,
And begged that I would come again, and sing another day.

Then came the time for needle work, — I marked two letters well,
And hemmed a pocket-handkerchief, and taught myself to spell

Those three hard words that you had marked as
being wrong before,
And then the parlor clock chimed out the welcome
hour of four.

Then farewell slates, and books, and all,—my daily
task was done,
And I was free to range about, to sing, to laugh, to
run,
To skip, to dance, to ride, to walk, or with my doll
to play;
Now, dear mamma, say, has not this been a delightful
day?

"It has, dear child—the reason is, you have been
WELL employed,
That is the secret why the day has been so much
enjoyed;
Be all your time as usefully and innocently spent,
And conscience shall be satisfied, and whisper you
content."

ANIMALS AND VEGETABLES.

"I DO think, Willy," said his mother to him one morning, "that the trees will soon be in leaf."

"Oh, how glad I am! for then it will be summer, and we shall go to Ash Grove."

"Not yet," replied his mother; "we cannot jump at once from winter to summer; the spring comes between." Willy inquired what the spring meant; and his mamma told him, that in the spring the weather was neither so cold as in winter nor so hot as in summer; and that the green leaves come out in spring.

"I thought," said Willy, "that the spring was made of water; for I remember John said one day, that he had been to the spring to fetch a pailful of water."

"That is quite another thing," said his mother: "a spring of water is a little stream of water which comes out of the ground; and sometimes it rushes out so fast, that it seems to spring up, just as you spring up, when you jump into my arms: and that is the reason it is called a spring of water."

"Oh, do take me to see one, mamma," cried Willy.

"I will, my dear, when we go into the country. But you see that a spring of water is quite another thing from the spring of the year, which is the time when the leaves and the flowers come out."

"But, mamma, the trees look as if they were nothing but dry sticks, just as they have been all the winter. I cannot see anything on them like leaves or flowers."

"I can see something," said his mother, smiling, "that tells me there will soon be leaves, and then flowers."

"Whereabouts, mamma? Can your eyes see better than mine?"

"I believe that you can see as well as I can; but then you are not so much used to observe, that is, to take notice of what you see; besides, you have not seen so many springs as I have. There is but one spring in every year: can you tell me how many springs you have seen!"

"You know, mamma, that I am four years old; that is, very nearly, so I have seen four springs; but you are a great woman, very old: how many springs have you seen?"

"I am so very old," replied his mamma, laughing, "that I have seen twentyfour springs."

"Oh, what a great number!" exclaimed Willy.

"Well," continued his mother, "when I was a little child like you, I did not observe what happened in the spring, but when I grew older I did; and I saw that every spring the trees, which had looked all the winter as if they had been dead, came out

into leaf. The next spring I watched the trees to see when they would come into leaf again; and then I observed, that, at the end of the dry branches, there were little round buds, not much bigger than a pin's head, and when the weather was warm, these little buds grew larger."

"And are these little buds upon the trees now, mamma?"

His mamma then opened the window, and took Willy out upon the balcony, and showed him some very small buds upon a tree that was near.—"Oh, I see them now very well, indeed," said Willy.

"You saw them just as well before I pointed them out to you, my dear; but you did not observe them, because you did not know that they would turn to leaves, and, therefore, you did not care about them."

"But I shall care about them now, mamma, and look at them every day, to see when they will turn to leaves."

"If you observe them so well," said his mother, "you will see that they will grow larger and larger every day, till at last they will burst open, and you will see all the little leaves withinside."

"Oh, what little tiny leaves they must be! I should like to have some of the buds now, and open them."

"You like to see the inside of everything, Willy: but remember that you would see the inside of your toy of two little men sawing, and when you opened it, you spoiled it; and if you gather the buds now, and open them, they will die, and never turn to leaves."

"But there are so many, mamma, that it won't signify if a few are spoiled."

"That is true, my dear; and when we go out we will gather some, and we will cut them open with a knife."

"Poor little buds!" said Willy; "but they cannot feel: they are not alive, are they mamma?"

"They are alive, my dear; for they grow, and nothing will grow that is not alive. But they cannot feel."

"Then they are not alive, like the sparrow that squeaked so much when the cat got hold of it; nor like the poor little mouse that was so frightened when Ann caught it; nor like Alpin, who growls when I pull his ears; nor like all those sort of things?"

"Shall I teach you a word that means all those sort of things?"

"Yes," said Willy; "I dare say it must be a long hard word to mean so many, many things: for there are the cows, mamma, and the horses, and our donkey; oh, and all the sheep in the field, I was just going to forget them; and then the pigs,—I am sure they feel, they squeak and grunt so if you touch them: well, what are they all called?"

"They are all called *animals*: but you have forgotten some of the best of them, Willy, some of the cleverest, and those you love best."

"What can that be?" said Willy, trying to guess. "Oh, I dare say it is the chickens, or the ducks, or perhaps the rabbits: I like them all."

"Yes, but you do not think them very clever, do you?" His mamma then gave him a pinch on his arm, and laughed, and said, "Do you feel, Willy?"

"Mamma, how you hurt me!" cried he rather peevishly. Then his mamma took him up on her knees, and gave him a kiss. "Perhaps you would rather feel that," said she; "you like to feel what gives you pleasure, and not what gives you pain."

Wifly then, suddenly finding out what his mamma meant, said, "Oh, yes, I feel, I felt the pinch, and I felt the kiss: and am I an animal, mamma? and you and papa animals?"

"We are all animals," replied she; "and I hope you love us more than you do chickens or ducks."

"That I do, but I never thought you and papa were animals. Then Ann, and Betty, and Harry, and cousin Mary, and little Sophy are all animals,—*animals*," repeated he, laying an emphasis on the word: "it is not such a long, hard word as I thought it would be."

"There is another word, both longer, and rather more difficult to pronounce, which means all things that are alive and do not feel."

"That must be trees and flowers, and fruits: let me see, is there anything else? Yes, there 's the grass we walk on in the garden. I am sure it grows, mamma, because the gardener mows it so often, and it always grows up again; and it cannot feel, or at least I hope it cannot, or how he would hurt it when he mows it!"

"No, it cannot feel; and all those things which grow and cannot feel are called — now listen well, Willy, for it is a long, hard name — they are called *vegetables*."

"*Vegetables*," repeated Willy: "yes, that is longer and harder than *animals*. I wish there was a shorter name, mamma; I don't think I shall ever be able to remember such a long one."

"Well, then, I will tell you one which has pretty nearly the same meaning, and it has only one syllable: it is *plants*."

"Oh that is very easy," said Willy, "and so a tree is a plant, a rose is a plant, and an orange is a plant."

"No, the rose tree, on which the flower grows, is a plant, but the rose itself is only part of it, and so is the orange."

"Yes," said Willy, "the orange is a bit of a plant, gathered from the whole tree."

"Well, which do you like best, plants or animals?"

"Why, I like apples and oranges very much, they are so nice; and I like flowers too, they are so pretty. I think I like plants best:" then, interrupting himself, he said, "Oh no, I don't; I like the dog, and the cat, and the chickens best, because they can run about, and play with me."

"And don't you like me and papa best, Willy, whether we play with you or not?"

"Oh yes," said Willy, "I *love* you best of all."

"Then," mamma said, "the trees and grass, and all the vegetables, cannot play with you, because they are fixed in the ground, and cannot move about."

"The branches of the trees move about a great deal, mamma, when the wind blows them."

"Yes, they can be moved, if anything or any one moves them; but they cannot move of themselves, nor go from one place to another."

"No," said Willy, "they cannot fly, like the birds; or swim, like the fish in water; nor walk and run, like dogs and horses, and little boys and girls. Oh, poor plants! I should not like to be a plant, stuck in the ground, and not able to run about."

"You need not pity them, Willy, for you know they cannot feel."

"Oh, I forgot that: I am very glad they cannot feel; because, if they did, they would be so sorry not to be able to move."

His mother then repeated to him the following lines: —

"Plants, then, were only made to grow;
They cannot feel, or walk, you know:
But animals, as dogs and men,
Feel whips and pinches, now and then;
And when they do not like to stay,
They turn about and run away."

Willy was much amused with these verses, which his mamma repeated till he learned them by heart.

PORCELAIN TOWER OF NANKIN.

NANKIN is a large city of China, and was formerly the capital of that empire. The streets are narrow, but handsome and well paved, and on each side are shops neatly furnished.

The most remarkable building in Nankin is the celebrated porcelain tower, which is two hundred feet high, and divided into nine stories. Inside, there are one hundred and ninety steps leading to the different apartments which are filled with gilt idols, placed in niches in the wall. The Chinese say that this building was commenced five or six hundred years ago, and that it took nineteen years to complete it.

My young readers may have heard something of the peculiar manners and customs of the Chinese. These people are of the middle stature, with broad faces, small eyes, broad noses turned upwards, high cheek-bones, and thick lips. Like the Mahomedans, they shave the whole head, except a lock on the crown, which they tie in a long queue, that hangs down the back, not unfrequently like the lash of a whip, and as low as the calf of the leg. Many of the higher classes let their nails grow to an enormous

length, to show that they are not engaged in hard labor with their hands. This is very foolish, as industry is certainly more entitled to respect than idleness. Little feet are reckoned a great part of female beauty, and these are in consequence so tightly bandaged from infancy, that they are subjected to very great pain, and can hardly walk.

The dress of the common people is generally of blue or black cotton. White is worn only as mourning. The men's caps are shaped like a bell. The rest of the attire consists of a vest with wide trowsers or petticoats, and a loose coat or gown covering the whole. The use of silk and furs is forbidden to children, and boys are not permitted to wear a cap till a certain age. When this arrives, an officer of ceremonies places the cap on the boy's head, and gives him an exhortation to this effect:—"You will now dress like a man, take care you act like a man; and put away all the toys and trifles of childhood; become grave and study virtue, and deserve a happy life."

Rice is considered as the staff of life in China, and great quantities of it are eaten. The Chinese also make use of various kinds of animal food, in the choice of which they are by no means particular, as the common people eat pork, fish, fowls, cats, dogs, rats, and almost every other animal that has either died naturally or been killed.

THE PATH THROUGH THE FOREST.

SISTER! the shades of evening
  Press darker about our way;
The trees grow closer about us,
  And where is the light of day?
One bright, bright star is shining,
  It peers through the winnowing leaves;
But see! a dark cloud has hid it,
  And the wind for its fading grieves.

I can see no crimson sunset —
  Where, where does the bright west lie?
There 's a wild red tint on that cloud above,
  Does it come from the western sky?
A noise, like the roar of the sea,
  Is sounding overhead,
And the tall trees swing, and their branches crash,
  And the rustling leaves are shed.

Hold my hand closer in thine, sister;
  I can hardly see my way;
And the thorny bushes scratch my arm —
  O, they shall not make me stay.

What a flash of light was that, sister!
It almost blinded my eyes;
And hark! how the awful thunder
Rolls through the gloomy skies.

Let us hasten, hasten forward,
For the big rain-drops pour,
And mother is anxiously watching
Before our cottage door.
I can see a bright light streaming
Beneath that tossing bough;
It is — it is our own sweet home,
That lies before us now.

O! God is ever near us,
In sunshine and in storm;
When winds are resting peacefully,
When clouds the sky deform.
His mercy is never ceasing,
And he is ever good;
Why did I fear when he was near
In the dark and stormy wood?

THE DEAR BOUGHT VICTORY;

OR,

THE MONKEY AND THE SACK OF NUTS.

Within a balcony of state,
At ease, and happy beyond measure,
A monkey sat, who had of late
Become the master of a treasure.

Though not, indeed, of gems or gold,
(Mark! I translate it to the letter,)
But fresh, sweet nuts, which I 'll be bold
Friend Pug esteemed as something better.

These in a sack he tied with care,
For other monkeys by the dozen,
Came flocking round, in hopes to share
The rich possessions of their cousin.

They thronged beneath, in greedy train
The balcony, where he was seated,
But quickly found 't was all in vain
They reasoned, menaced, or entreated.

For Pug, however rich in fruit,
Appeared in bounty greatly lacking,
And flung, in answer to their suit,
The shells of nuts, which he 'd been cracking.

At this the suppliants filled with rage,
Resolved to sue to him no longer,
But battle now prepared to wage
As they in numbers were the stronger.

The monkey, on this rude attack,
Although he thought the means expensive,
Without ado, untied his sack,
And turned his nuts to arms offensive.

Pug with these missives aimed his blows
So hard and fast, that, in conclusion,
His smarting and be-pelted foes
Fled off in cowardly confusion.

At length he proudly stood alone
With feelings that of rapture savored,
Prepared to thank, in joyous tone,
Dame Fortune, who his cause had favored; —

That he had from the fierce attack
His precious nuts so well defended,
But cast his eyes upon his sack,
And saw that they were all expended!

Through these he had maintained his place,
And now his foes had all retreated,
He stood precisely in the case
As if himself had been defeated.

Thus oft we see a triumph cost
As much, as if the day were lost.

SPRING.

FOR LITTLE M. H. OF L.

"Spring, where are you tarrying now?
Why are you so long unfelt?
Winter went a month ago,
When the snows began to melt."

"I am coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden,
With the honey for the bee;
With the blossom for the tree;
With the flower and with the leaf;
Till I come the time is brief.

"I am coming, I am coming!
Hark, the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing;—
Little maiden, now is Spring!

"See, the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;

And on mossy banks so green
Starlike primroses are seen;
And their clustering leaves below
White and purple violets blow.

"Hark! the little lambs are bleating;
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

"Little maiden, look around thee!
Green and flowery fields surround thee;
Every little stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white;
And each small and waving shoot
Has for thee sweet flower or fruit.

"Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven!
God for thee the Spring has given;
Taught the birds their melodies;
Clothed the earth, and clear'd the skies;
For thy pleasure or thy food,—
Pour thy soul in gratitude!
So mayst thou 'mid blessings dwell—
Little maiden, fare thee well!"

THE MOUSE.

One day, as Willy was amusing himself very quietly in the nursery, which did not often happen, for he liked running about much better than sitting still, he heard a noise as if something was scratching against the wall.

"What is that?" said he to Ann, going close up to her, and seeming rather frightened. Ann looked round, and so did Willy; when they saw a little mouse peeping out of a small hole in one corner of the room. "Oh, what a pretty thing it is!" cried Willy; but the instant he spoke the mouse disappeared.

"The sound of your voice frightened him," said Ann; "and he is gone back into the hole."

"Oh, what foolish things mice and birds are," said Willy, "they always fancy you are going to hurt them. Do you think it will not come back again?"

"We must wait and see," said Ann.

But they waited in vain; and though Willy was quite quiet, and kept his eyes fixed upon the hole, no mouse was to be seen. At last Ann said that she would go and fetch a piece of cheese, and lay it close to the hole; and that if the mouse smelt the cheese,

he would come back to eat it. So she fetched some cheese, and placed it by the hole; and in a short time the mouse popped out his tiny head, and hearing no noise, he ventured a little farther, and at last came quite out of the hole, and began nibbling the cheese.

"How he likes cheese," whispered Willy: "I wish I could catch him and play with him a little while."

Ann then took up a broom very gently, and before the mouse could see her, went and stopped up the hole with it. As soon as the mouse heard the noise he left the cheese to run back and hide himself in his hole; and when he found the hole was stopped up he was sadly frightened. He ran round and round the room, to find some place to save himself in; but no other hole could he see.

"Poor little mouse," said Willy, "you need not be so frightened; I shall not hurt you; I only want to play with you for a little while, and then I will let you go back to your hole. Does he live in that hole Ann?"

"He lives inside the wall," replied Ann, "with a great many other mice; and he has just made that hole to come out at."

"How can such a little tiny thing as that make a hole in the wood?"

"He does it with his teeth," said Ann, "mice can gnaw through almost anything."

"Do try to catch it, Ann; I cannot."

Ann tried, but could not for a long while either; at last she threw her apron over it, and caught it up

in the apron. Then Willy came to look at it, and the poor little animal panted for breath, it was so much frightened and so tired of running.

"I will fetch it the cheese," said Willy; and he ran for the piece of cheese which the mouse had been nibbling; but the mouse would not touch it.

"Poor little thing!" exclaimed Willy, "perhaps he has got a papa and mamma at his home in the wall, and he wants to get back to them." And he stroked the mouse, and said, "We will soon let you go."

Willy and Ann had made such a noise running about the room after the mouse, that Betty the house maid came to ask whether anything was the matter.

"Only this little mouse," said Willy, "that we have caught."

"A mouse!" exclaimed Betty, "Oh, mercy on me!" and she began to scream.

"Why, what is the matter with Betty?" said Willy to Ann.

"She is afraid of a mouse," replied Ann, laughing.

"Oh, she is only making fun; how can a great woman like her be afraid of such a bit of a thing as this poor little mouse?"

"It's no fun at all," cried Betty, "I can't bear a mouse: I never could."

"And why do not you like a poor little mouse?"

"Poor little mouse!" cried Betty. "I tell you it is a horrid ugly thing, and I wonder Ann will allow you to go near it. It would bite you, I am sure, if Ann did not hold it so close in her apron."

"If it did," said Ann, "it would not hurt you much, its teeth are so small; but perhaps it might try to nibble your finger a little, to try to get away; so I do not advise you to put it near its mouth."

"I shall fetch the cat," cried Betty, "and she will soon make an end of it."

She was going out of the room, when Willy, who recollected how nearly the sparrow had been eaten up by a cat, flew at Betty, and called out, "You sha'n't, you sha'n't, Betty; naughty Betty, I won't have the poor mouse killed."

"Here is a pretty to do, indeed," cried Betty, "my gown all torn with your tantrums, sir; I shall tell your mamma of this."

Mamma, who heard all the bustle in the nursery, ran up stairs to know what it was, and when she came in, and saw Willy red and crying with passion, and Betty's gown torn, she asked what had happened. Ann told her the whole story. Then Mamma said, "It was certainly wrong of you, Willy, to fall into a passion and tear Betty's gown."

"But she was going to fetch the cat to kill the mouse," sobbed Willy.

"That is some excuse for you, but why did you not desire Betty, civilly, not to bring the cat? I really am quite ashamed of you. And as for you, Betty, if you are so afraid of a poor little mouse, you had better go away."

Betty went away ashamed, when she saw by her mistress's looks that she thought her very silly to be afraid of a mouse.

"Let me look at this poor little creature that has made such a bustle," said mamma; and Ann opened her apron to show it. The mouse finding itself free, sprung away, fell upon the floor, but without being hurt, and ran round the room till it found the hole, through which it escaped, and was seen no more.

"Now," said mamma, "the best thing we can do is to fasten up the hole, that the poor little mouse may not come out again, for if he does, there is great danger of his falling into the claws of pussy. Come, Willy," said she, smiling, "dry your tears; I forgive you, because you had not time to think, and that you were in a passion not for yourself, but on account of the poor mouse, but I hope you will have more command over yourself another time. Then you must make some amends to Betty for tearing her gown."

"But was it not very foolish of Betty to be afraid of a mouse?" said Willy.

"I dare say, that when she was a little child, not older than you, Willy, somebody frightened her about a mouse, and told her it would bite her, and so she has thought ever since that a mouse would hurt her, and that the cat ought to kill it. Ann, you see is not afraid of a mouse; she never listened to such silly stories."

"Indeed but I did, mamma," said Ann, "when I was a little girl, but I have learned to know better since."

"That shows your good sense, Ann," said mamma, "for it is very difficult, if you have been frightened

when a child, to get the better of it afterwards. I have known many grown up ladies afraid of a spider, a black beetle, and an earwig, merely from some foolish stories they had heard about them when children."

"What are all those things, mamma?" asked Willy, "will you show them to me? I am sure I should not be afraid of them."

"Some day or other I will," replied his mother. "Now let us go and find a carpenter to mend the hole the mouse has made."

The carpenter soon came, with his tools and a piece of wood; and Willy watched him all the while he was at work.

"Poor little mouse," said Willy, "you cannot come out any more."

"He had better stay at home with his mother," said mamma; "for he cannot come out without danger of meeting the cat."

"Then it is not foolish of the mouse to be afraid of pussy, mamma?"

"Not at all, my dear; it is foolish to be afraid when there is no danger, as Betty was; but it is not foolish to be afraid when there is danger. Being afraid makes you take care; and it is wise, not foolish, to take care."

"But some people," said Ann, "are so much frightened when there is danger, that they do not know what they are about. I know a maid servant who set her cap on fire; and she was she frightened, that instead of taking it off her head to put out the

flame, she ran screaming about, and the fire caught her hair, and her face, and she was sadly burnt."

"That was foolish indeed," said mamma; "fear should have made her think what she should do to put out the flame; running about in that manner only made it burn more; but she suffered sadly for her folly, poor woman."

The carpenter now began hammering nails into the piece of wood which fastened up the hole, and made such a noise that Willy could no longer hear what was said. "Poor mousy," said he to himself, "you can never come out again; no, never!"

FLY AWAY, LADYBIRD.

A SONG.

Fly away, Ladybird — fly away —
Away, away, away,
Fly from the wind of the wintry day.
Why do you linger? — Away, away!
The flower and the tree have no home for thee;
The gay and the fair are lonely and bare:
Then fly away, Ladybird, fly away —
Away, away, away!

Fly away, Ladybird, fly away —
Away, away, away!
Go with the happy, the glad, and the gay;
Gem of the garden, away, away!
The flower and the tree, what are they to thee?
Alone let them die, and far away fly.
Fly away, Ladybird, fly away
Away, away, away!

"I 'VE LOST MY WAY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Little Antoine was a very obliging little boy, and in this respect quite unlike his elder brother, Julian, who was too selfish to do any person a favor. One fine warm day in August, the two boys wandered forth into the fields. They had not proceeded far before they saw a poor young woman, by the road-side, who had met with an accident and needed their assistance. She was going to market with a donkey, who was heavily laden with two panniers, when the strap which bound them broke, and a parcel of fine fruit and vegetables rolled forth from them upon the ground.

On seeing the accident, Julian and Antoine ran quickly to the spot, but with quite different motives. The younger brother was thinking only of the assistance which he could render the poor young woman, but Julian was thinking what a good chance it would be to have a fine feast of fruit. When they came up to the spot, Antoine set about assisting the woman to pick up the fruit and other things, and re-

place them in the panniers. But Julian, after selecting some of the finest peaches and grapes, sat down on a stone to devour them, without offering to be of any assistance. He even laughed at the accident, and wasted the grapes by throwing them about, or giving them to the donkey.

The young woman was sadly afflicted by the accident, as she was quite poor, and had hoped to get a good price for her articles. At last, with Antoine's good help, she succeeded in again arranging her panniers, and then went on her way. First, however, she gave Antoine the finest nectarine that she could find, although he did not wish to take it, since his brother had relieved her of some of the best of her store.

A few days after this adventure, the two boys wandered into the country to such a distance; that they both lost their way, and knew not what path to take, by which to return home. Antoine became quite tired, and could not keep up with Julian, who ran very fast. In fact, he ran quite away from his younger brother, and thus they were separated, as well as lost. Well: Julian proceeded on, till it was quite dark, and then he began to grow frightened. He saw several persons, whom he knew, but he was ashamed to ask their aid, for he had often treated them badly, or refused to render them some slight service. At last, when the night was more advanced, he came to a small hut, which he resolved to enter. He was tired, hungry, and frightened, and he could walk no farther.

He knocked at the door. It was opened by an old woman, who, on learning his errand, bade him come in. It was quite dark in her little room, but she said that she would light a candle in a moment, and fix some clean straw for him to lie on. When she had lighted the candle, Julian regarded her more attentively. What was his dismay to find that she was an old beggar woman, at whom he had thrown stones the day before! He tried to conceal his face, but she immediately recognised him, and said:—"You see that there is no object so mean, which may not one day be of aid to you. Well, it is no matter. You stoned me yesterday, but I will give you lodging tonight. Food have I none. And may Heaven forgive you as readily as I do."

Julian's feelings were not the most enviable at that moment. He blushed deeply, and felt the acutest remorse. However, he was obliged to take up with the old woman's hospitality, and falling on his knees, he expressed his sorrow for his wicked conduct towards her the day before.

What became of little Antoine all this time? Before night-fall, the very young woman, whom he had assisted a few days before, passed by the spot where he stood. She was returning home on her donkey, and on seeing Antoine, she inquired of him what was the matter. "I've lost my way," was the reply.—"Come, then, you shall go home with me," said she; and dismounting from the donkey, she permitted Antoine to ride in her place. They soon arrived at a neat little cottage, where a plentiful supper was

soon provided for them. He staid there all night, and in the morning, after breakfast, a neighbor took him in a wagon to his father's house. Julian had to return home on foot, and he was almost starved, when he arrived. But, I am glad to say, that this adventure taught him to treat no one with scorn, but to render every obligation in his power, to those who stood in need of his assistance.

A WINTER'S WISH.

Though bitter frost hath cast around
His hoary mantle on the ground;
Though eddying winds may hoarsely blow,
And whistle o'er the drifted snow,
Yet still this season of the year
To me is ever passing dear,
When leaving day-light calls behind,
At home we true enjoyment find;
From all but those we love, retire,
And gather round the cheerful fire.

O, Thou, whose hand has ever shed
Its choicest blessings on my head,
Whose gracious power, in mercy shown,
Through each successive year I've known,
Continue still thy parent care
And answer but another prayer.
Whate'er my future lot may be
I leave it cheerfully to Thee.
But when life's winter darkens o'er,
And youthful joys are felt no more,
Let me from earthly cares retire
With those I love, around the fire.

THE POOR MAN AND HIS TWO SONS.

THERE was once a poor laborer, who had two sons, of whom he was so extravagantly fond, that he could not bear to set them to such work as their station in life required; and which, if properly pursued, would have strengthened their limbs by degrees, and given vigor to their constitutions. Instead of calling them up in the summer at six, he rose himself at four, that he might have a longer day to work in, in order to earn more wages to support them; in the mean time, they lay in bed till eight, and sometimes till nine o'clock. Their poor father generally contrived, in winter, to have a good fire, by which they would sit till they were quite stupid, and so chilly, that if they went out for a few minutes on a frosty day, they shivered as if they had the ague. Then the silly man thought they had not got warm clothing enough, so he went about in an old jacket himself, that he might buy each of them a great coat. In hot weather, he would not let the poor things work, because it would make them faint, and might throw them into a fever. His wife was equally indulgent; and often went without a meal, in order to pamper their dainty appetites; for, not using proper exercise to make them

hungry, they could not eat such coarse diet as the laboring poor generally live upon. In short, the boys were quite spoiled, and their parents perfect slaves to them; for they were fretful and humorsome to an intolerable degree. When they grew up to be great boys, their mother died; and on her death-bed desired her husband to promise, that he would do everything for Tom and Jack himself that he could do; and not take a stranger into the house, lest she should use them unkindly. This he foolishly agreed to, and was then obliged to rise still earlier, that he might have time to spare to go backward and forward to dress their victuals for them; and get more money to pay for putting their clothes and linen out to be mended. At length, excessive fatigue overcame his constitution; though naturally robust, his strength failed him, and he could work no more; so he and his children were in danger of starving; for their poor neighbors would not assist them, but said, let the fine gentlemen work for their father now. The parish would not relieve those who lived in idleness; neither did his family appear objects of charity to the rich people of the village, as there were two sons, who ought by their labor to maintain their father.

The first expedient they resorted to was, to sell their furniture, and after that their clothes; when these were gone, they had no resource; but the sons sat down by their poor father, who lay on a little straw, covered with a bit of an old sack, wringing their hands in an agony of despair, crying out, "Oh! what will become of us? what will become of us?"

while their unhappy parent, unable to comfort them, felt inexpressible anguish at the thought of leaving them in so helpless a condition: and he now saw his own folly, in not inuring them to labor in their childhood.

At this cri cal juncture, it happened that a gentleman stopped at the door, and, alighting from his horse, entered the cottage, in order to inquire his road to a neighboring town. Struck with the scene which presented itself to his eyes, he with humane impatience asked the cause of the distress which he beheld; on which the poor man, with a feeble hollow voice, replied, "All my own fault, master! All my own fault! I have nobody to blame but myself! I loved my children so, that I would never let them work, but labored hard to support them — too hard to hold it, master! I am forced to leave off work; they do not know how to do it; and we must all starve and die, for I have not a farthing in the world, nor any more things to sell."

"Cheer up," said the gentleman: "as, by your own account, you have been industrious, you shall not starve; I will give you a little assistance; but as to your boys, they must learn to work. What say you, my lads? Are you not ashamed to live idle?" — "Yes, indeed, sir," answered the eldest, "but if we go to work here, the neighbors will do nothing but scout and flout us." — "Well," said the gentleman, "here is a little money, go and purchase a bed, and get somebody to nurse your father. Let him have good nourishing things; and I will call

a week hence, and see what can be done for you." He then rode away.

The eldest boy went first to the broker, and bought a bed and a few other things; while the other went in search of a nurse. At last, he met with a woman who agreed to come; she was very careful and attentive, and the poor man recovered more and more every day. The two sons, who were grown very good, resolved to learn to work, and longed for the gentleman's return. He arrived at the cottage on the day he was expected, and rejoiced in the happy effects of his charity. The poor man returned him a thousand thanks; and the two lads expressed the most earnest desire to be put into some way of earning their bread, and supporting their father. "Well," said the gentleman, "I will send a little cart for you all, in two or three days and see what I can do. But, remember, I take pity on you, for your father's sake, because he has been industrious. I do not mean to support you two in idleness, nor shall I provide for your father any longer than till he is able to work, and you to assist him." The boys promised to do whatever the gentleman thought proper; he gave them a fresh supply of money for their immediate subsistence, and then returned home.

At the time appointed, the cart arrived, which each individual of the family mounted with a joyful heart. When they arrived at the gentleman's estate, he put the old man in possession of a little cottage; and, the next day, employed both the sons in weeding a part of his garden. Even this light work fatigued them

sadly at first; but, in a week's time, they were able to bear it better, and felt a pleasure they had never experienced before, when they received the wages of their industry, which they carried immediately to their father, who ate of the provisions which were purchased with them, with the greatest satisfaction. His mind was now at ease about his boys; and he soon got well enough to work with them, though not to labor to so excessive a degree as he used to do; but that, he said, there was no need of, for now he had three pair of hands instead of one. The gentleman, who had very spacious grounds, set the old man to work in them, and by degrees he taught his sons the different branches of husbandry; so that when their poor father was altogether past labor, they maintained him to the day of his death.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

James and Edward were two little boys, who lived in the country. One Saturday afternoon, they went into the fields with their sisters, and rambled about till they were tired. They then sat down upon a bank, to rest themselves, for the weather was quite warm, and the sun shone with dazzling splendor.

While they were resting here, they saw a poor family pass by, whose appearance presented a strange contrast with their own. For the poor people were ragged and destitute, and were covered with dust. They seemed to have been travelling a long way, and were weary with their long journey. As soon as the young persons saw this forlorn group, a general expression of pity ensued.

"Let us raise a subscription for them," said Edward, "as we did for the poor Cape de Verd Islanders.—Come, here is a twenty cent piece to begin with, and my cap shall be the contribution box!"

As he said these words, Edward cheerfully handed round his cap to his little companions, each of whom mustered all his holiday allowance, and readily parted with it. In a few minutes, Edward had made a collection of seventyfive cents, and with this sum he

approached the poor family, who were drinking at a brook, at a short distance. He approached a woman who appeared to be the mother of the family, and gave her the bright silver pieces in his cap. As soon as he had done this he hastened away, to escape the loud and heartfelt thanks of the poor woman.

Great was the joy evinced among the humble group, when they saw the means of obtaining food. They blessed the young people, who had afforded them such charity, and as they proceeded on their way, they cast many a glance of recognition and gratitude upon the little boys and girls, who had afforded them assistance.

The young people thought that this was one of the pleasantest afternoons they had ever passed; and as they walked home, the blessings of the poor family went with them. The reflection of having done some good, and afforded help to their fellow creatures in distress, gave a more lasting pleasure to the children, than all the toys in the shops could have done.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Says George to James — "I 'll catch yon fly,
That 's dancing briskly in the air;
At least, I 'll take my cap and try:
And see! — O dear! another 's there."

But James, with gentle force and mien,
His hand on George's shoulder laid —
Restraining thus his ardor keen;
While to his little friend he said.

"Yon Butterfly, so bright and free,
Whose merry motions please the eye,
Was made by Him who fashion'd thee,
To sport its space — then droop and die.

"Hence let it range the fields around,
Nor stay its flight, nor take its life;
Be sure no good will e'er be found
In cruel sport, or useless strife."

HENRY.

Henry was the son of a merchant in affluent circumstances. He was a very good-natured, obliging boy, and loved his father and mother, and his brothers and sisters, most affectionately; but he had one very disagreeable fault, which was, that he did not like to be directed or advised, but always appeared displeased when anybody only hinted to him what he might, or what he ought not to do; he fancied he knew right from wrong perfectly well, and that he did not require any one to direct him.

He was the most amiable boy in the world, if you would let him have his own way. He never heard anybody say they wished for anything, that he did not run to get it for them, if it were in his power: and no one could be more ready to lend his toys to his brothers and sisters, whenever they appeared to desire them: but the moment he was told not to stand so near the fire, or not to jump down two or three stairs at a time, not to climb upon the table, or to take care he did not fall out of the window, he grew directly angry, and asked if they thought he did not know what he was about — said he was no longer a baby, and that he was certainly old enough to take care of himself.

His friends were extremely sorry to perceive this fault in his disposition: for everybody loved him, and wished to convince him, that though he was not a baby, he was but a child; and that if he would avoid getting into mischief, he must for some years submit to be directed by his father and mother, or in their absence, by some other person, who knew better than he did: but he never minded their advice, till he had one day nearly lost his life, by not attending to it.

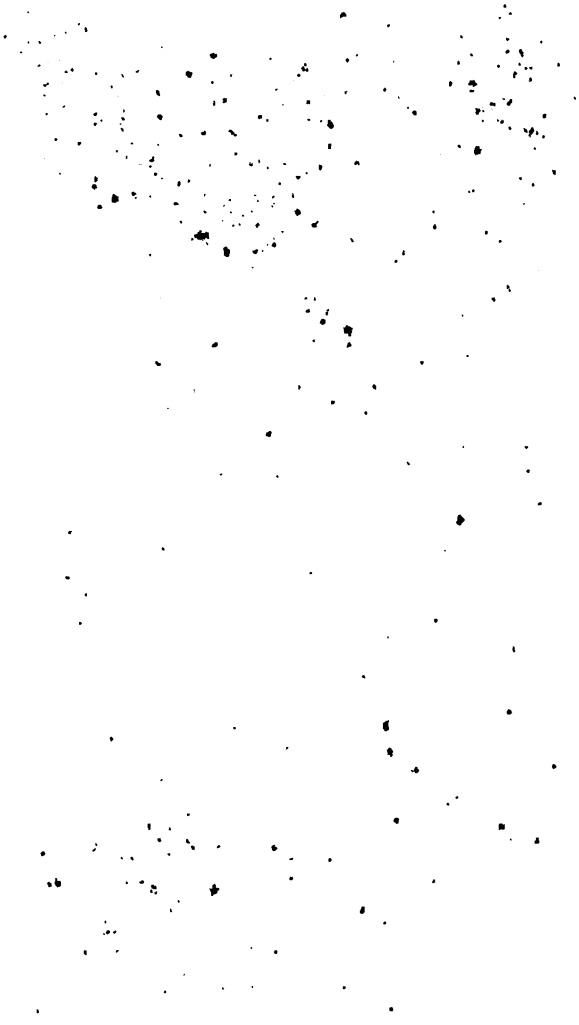
A lady, who visited his mamma, and who was extremely fond of him, met him in the hall, on new year's day, and gave him a gold guinea, to purchase something with which to amuse himself. Henry was delighted at having so much money; but, instead of informing his parents of the present he had received, and asking them to advise him how to spend it, he determined to do as he liked with it, without consulting anybody; and having long had a great desire to amuse himself with some gunpowder, he began to think (now he was so rich) whether it might not be possible to contrive to get some. He had been often told of the dreadful accidents which have happened by playing with this dangerous thing, but he fancied *he* could take care, *he* was old enough to amuse himself with it, without any risk of hurting himself; and, meeting with a boy who was employed about the house by the servants, he offered to give him a shilling for his trouble, if he would get him what he desired; and, as the boy cared very little for the danger to which he exposed Henry, of blowing him-

self up, in comparison with the proffered shilling, he was soon in possession of what he wished for.

A dreadful noise was some time afterwards heard in the garden. The cries of children brought the whole family to the spot: but, oh! what a shocking sight was presented to their view, as they drew nigh. There lay Henry on the ground, his face black, and smeared with blood; his hair burnt, and his eyes injured: one of his little sisters lay by him, nearly in the same deplorable condition; the others, some hurt, but all frightened almost to death, were huddled together near a tree. He had fired off his little cannon successfully two or three times, but at last, it happened that the paper containing the powder, and which he carried in his jacket, fell upon a coal of fire, as he was leaning forward, and immediately produced the explosion, which occasioned so much alarm and distress.

It was very long before either Henry or his sister could speak, and many months before they were quite restored to health, and even then it was with the disfigurement of one of poor Henry's eyes. He had been many weeks confined to his bed in a dark room; and during that time he had reflected upon his past conduct: he now saw that he had been a very conceited, wrong-headed boy, and that children would avoid a great many accidents, which happen to themselves, and the mischief they frequently lead others into, if they would listen to the advice of their elders, and not fancy they are capable of conducting themselves without being directed. He was so sorry for what he

had done, and particularly for what he had made his dear little Emma suffer, that he never afterwards did the least thing without consulting his friends; and whenever he was told not to do a thing, though he had wished it ever so much, instead of being angry, as he used to be, he immediately gave up all desire of doing it, and never after that time got into any mischief.



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